HARPER'S WEEKLY

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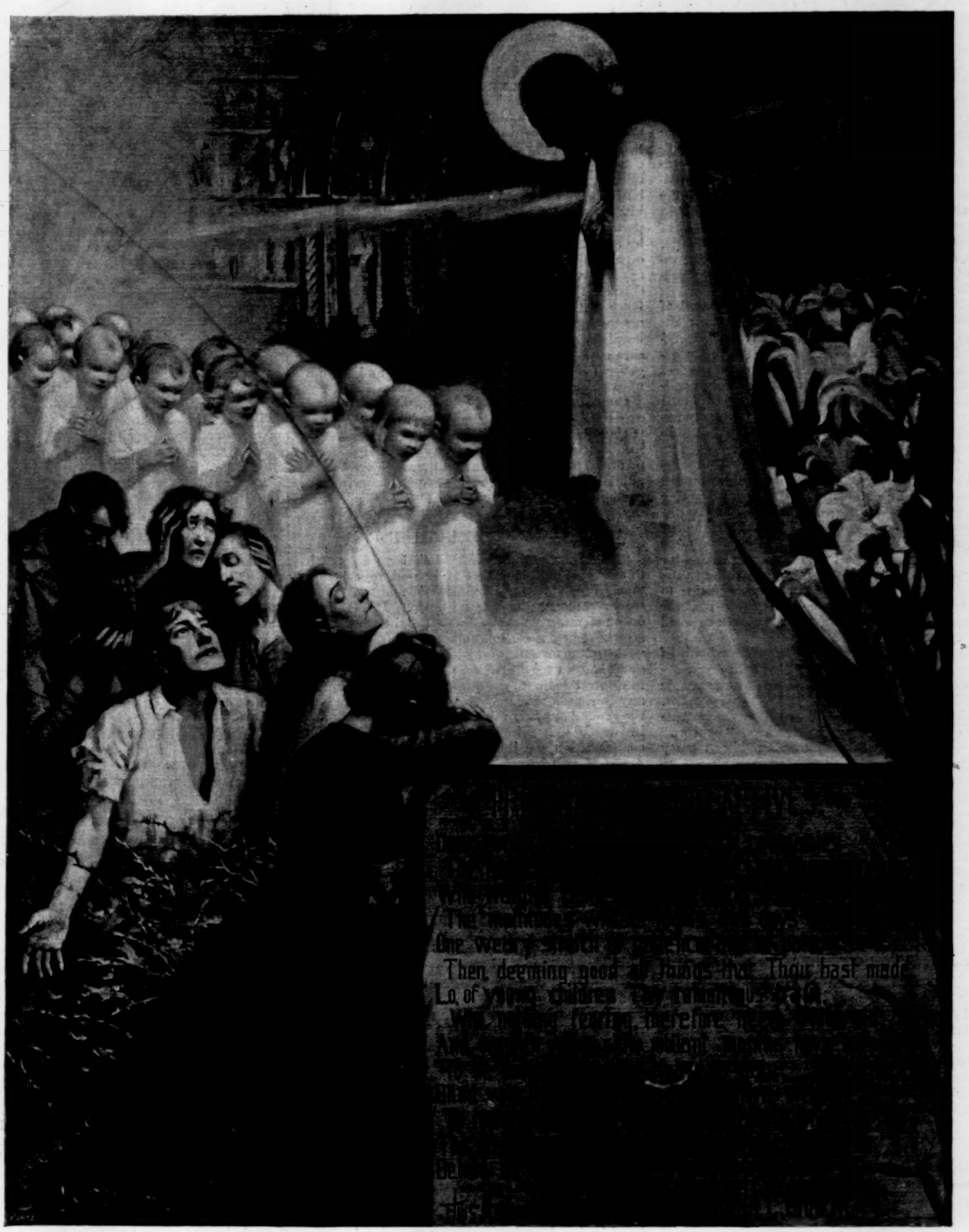

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE STRUGGLE FOR REFORM.

THE citizens of New York, under the leadership of public-spirited men of both political parties, have held another great mass-meeting to assert their right of local self-government, and to demand of the Legislature such laws concerning the public schools, the police justices, and the police force as they deem necessary for the public good. There is hardly anything more remarkable in our political history than the contrast between the efforts made by the respectable part of this community for the reform of their municipal government and the efforts made to defeat that reform by members of the State Legislature who profess to be in favor of it in the abstract, and who insist that the popular majority for the reform cause in the late election in this city was owing to their party. They insist that this circumstance entitles them to the possession of the offices, notwithstanding the pledge of non-partisan government given before the election, and notwithstanding the generally recognized experience that the prevalence of party politics and partisan spirit in the conduct of our municipal affairs has been one of the most prolific sources of corruption and misrule. Thus, claiming the credit for having made the reform possible, they also claim the privilege of preventing it.

This is especially apparent in the treatment of the police problem. The so-called LEXOW investigation resulted in the exposure of almost unprecedented iniquities in the conduct of our police department, largely, if not mainly, owing to the fact that the police force was under the control of politicians belonging to the two parties, who played into one another's hands by means of unscrupulous deals—a system calculated to elude all definite responsibility. Mr. LEXOW, who, by-the-way, furnished for that investigation neither the brains nor the reformatory purpose, and has since proved himself to be an exceedingly light-headed young man, proudly poses before the country as the discoverer of great wrongs; but the bills touching the reorganization and government of the police force which he introduced in the Legislature provide for the systematic continuation of party politics in the police department, and may, without injustice to him, be called—as they have been called—bills for the careful perpetuation of the rascalities exposed by the LEXOW committee.

The legislation concerning the public schools of this city and the reformation of the police courts—subjects of incalculable importance to our people—has been treated substantially in the same spirit. For three months the bills urged by the representative citizens of New York have been "held up" in the Legislature to give the Republican party boss and his subordinate managers a chance to squeeze out of the matter as much as possible in the way of offices for Republican henchmen. And when the wrath of this outraged community rose and made itself heard in thunder tones, the party politicians in the Legislature would make a show of yielding, but really contested every inch of ground. In one word, the promised reform has been treated as entirely subordinate to the matter of party patronage.

Now we will not assert that the party politicians in the Legislature guilty of this conduct, or at least most of them, consciously prefer bad government to good government, either in the city of New York or elsewhere. They would probably prefer good government, provided that their party could dispose of the offices. But when the promise of non-partisan government as a prerequisite of good government is to be carried out—and it will not be denied that this pledge was made most emphatically in this city before the last election—and when the offices are to be filled without regard to party interests, with a sole view to good government, then they insist, after all, upon having the patronage, no matter whether this involves a violation of plighted faith and the sacrifice of good government. And what the possession of the patronage means in their hands clearly appears from a recent occurrence which is a public secret. Mayor STRONG offered the managers of the PLATT machine in this city to appoint to certain places men named by them, provided those men responded to his standard of character and efficiency. The men they did present fell far short of these requirements, and were therefore not accepted. And when asked whether they had no better men to name, they withdrew. This proves that the patronage in their hands means the appointment to places of ordinary party workers, regardless of their fitness for the duties to be performed.

This spectacle is most instructive. Every candid observer will find himself forced to the conclusion that no political party in the conduct of which the possession of the patronage is a ruling motive of action can be a reliable agency of good government, and that in its hands every reformatory effort in which patronage is involved will be diverted from its true purpose. Here we touch the most stubborn obstacle the struggle for governmental reform has to overcome.

It is a deplorable fact that this obstacle has to be encountered not only among partisan politicians to whom every political contest is mainly a fight for places, but even among men who have the public interest and the cause of good government sincerely at heart. Many of them find it extremely difficult to divest themselves of the notion that even in a government professedly non-partisan political work forms a title to public employment, and party standing must be considered in appointments to office. Nobody questions the integrity of Mayor STRONG and the honesty of his intentions as to the fulfilment of his pledges. But even he, while illustrating by some of his appointments the correct principle that the offices should be filled by selecting in every case the man best fitted for the business of the place, has in other instances laid himself open to the imputation that he thought non-partisan government consisted in "recognizing" by appointment to office men of all the parties or organizations that contributed to his election. And another very respectable man, Mr. BROOKFIELD, shocked the community by his declarations in defence of the appointment of ordinary ward workers to places of influence and responsibility. It is hardly necessary to point out that in the same measure as it follows such considerations our reform government will be a dismal failure, and have a most discouraging effect for the future.

One point we have indeed gained. Our present experience cannot fail to make it clear to every unprejudiced observer that the patronage is the most insidious and inveterate enemy of good government. To make genuine and thorough reform in public affairs possible, the idea of patronage in connection with public office "must go."

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

THE "MONROE doctrine" has been so much talked about of late that it is well to consider precisely what its author intended and what is its true significance and importance. It certainly does not mean what the Jingoes and their editors assert. They seem to think that the "doctrine" goes to the extent of making this country the guardian of every republic, present or prospective, in Central or South America, against the action of any European monarchy. We say this because of the general explosion occasioned by Great Britain's insistence that Nicaragua shall make a money compensation for the expulsion of her Consular Agent HATCH from Bluefields. The merits of the controversy are obscure, but, recent commentators to the contrary, it is not true that any President or Secretary of State of the United States has laid down the proposition that European monarchies must settle all their difficulties with the American republics through the good offices of the United States, or that no European monarchy shall be permitted to hold a Spanish-American republic to account for the violation of its international obligations, or that monarchies and empires shall not exist on this hemisphere. As a matter of fact, so far as the last proposition is concerned, we have been on amicable terms since the promulgation of the "MONROE doctrine" with an empire in Brazil and with another empire in Mexico. We are even now on friendly terms with Great Britain, Spain, and Holland, whose imperial and monarchical governments exercise jurisdiction over American territory.

The "MONROE doctrine" grew out of an exceptional condition of affairs, and was suggested by an official servant of the monarchy of Great Britain. The "Holy Alliance" was formed in 1815, after the downfall of NAPOLEON, by the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia. It was entered into by these august personages in their individual names, and without the intervention of ministers or diplomatic agents. The agreement was that Christianity and politics should go hand in hand, and that these potentates in their divine right should enforce the union. There is reason to believe that the Prince Regent of England would have gladly entered the Alliance but for the constitution of his kingdom, which compel the monarch to rule through responsible ministers.

In 1823, when the "Holy Alliance" was threatening to come to the aid of Spain in recovering her revolted American possessions, Mr. CANNING suggested to Mr. RUSH, then our minister to England, that the United States should "take decided ground against the intervention of the Holy Alliance in South America." This suggestion was communicated to Mr. MONROE, who submitted it to Mr. JEFFERSON and Mr. MADISON. Finally Mr. MONROE sent to Congress the message in which occurred the sentences constituting his "doctrine." The "doctrine," in brief, was that the United States would "consider any attempt on the part" of European powers "to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. . . . It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their *political system* to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord." This is the language of Mr. MONROE's message.

This simple declaration, the meaning of which is clear enough, has resulted in a good deal of intemperate talk, and of some great follies and blunders in our diplomacy. It has been contended that the doctrine forbade European colonization in the Americas. Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who is said to have written this part of Mr. MONROE'S message, took this position toward Russia. But WHEATON lays down the rule, which is the only one that can be logically drawn from the language of the message, that the "kind of interposition declared against was that which may be made for the purpose of controlling their [the American states'] political affairs." In 1825 Mr. CLAY asserted that "whilst we do not desire to interfere in Europe with the political system of the allied powers, we should regard as dangerous to our peace and safety any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere."

In 1826 the House of Representatives refused to authorize an alliance with the South American republics, and declared that the United States ought not to enter into any joint declaration with those republics "for the purpose of preventing the interference of any of the European powers with their independence or form of government." In other words, this country was to be free to act as it thought best when the emergency arose. The "doctrine" had not made it incumbent upon the country to engage in a crusade against every European monarchy that made its appearance on the western hemisphere with unfriendly intent towards one or more of our southern neighbors.

The "doctrine," of course, never had the force of law. Congress refused to sanction it, or at least neglected to do so, when Mr. CLAY moved a resolution to that effect in 1823. There has never been a time in the past history of the country when Congress was induced to deliberately declare it to be the duty of the United States to protect every other American republic from European encroachments. As Mr. CALHOUN said in the debate on POLK'S Yucatan proposition of 1848, such a doctrine would put the United States "in the power of other countries on this continent to make us a party to all their wars."

There is nothing essentially unsound in the "MONROE doctrine" when it is stated by statesmen; but when it is shouted and interpreted by Jingoes it is the most ridiculous doctrine of modern times. It is right that this country should exert its influence and power to extend the republican form of government, and to that end may offer its friendly offices. If an imperial government of Europe should undertake to overthrow one of the American republics, the United States might properly interfere to prevent the imposition of monarchical institutions upon our neighbors who desired to remain republican. This is as far as we can go under the "MONROE doctrine," and there is no precedent nor any resolution of Congress warranting even so much interference. We would, in doing so, however, adopt the opinions of great Americans like JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, HENRY CLAY, and DANIEL WEBSTER. But if we apply the perverted "MONROE doctrine" whenever the Jingoes demand it, we shall be adopting no opinions that are entitled to the slightest respect. If the people of what we are fond of calling the great republic desire to see republican principles spread, they will cultivate national dignity and self-respect, and will insist on the reign of law in their domestic concerns before they shake their fists at monarchies whenever any

single monarchy happens to have a quarrel to settle with our South and Central American neighbors. Let us bear in mind that royalty cannot be chastised or bullied out of existence, and that we can be patriotic Americans and keep our heads at the same time.

PROSPECTS OF INTERNATIONAL BIMETALLISM.

THERE is no present prospect of an agreement on bimetallism by the leading European powers. At the same time silver is undoubtedly in politics throughout the world, and public men in Great Britain and Germany, as in the United States, are solicitous of the silver vote. When Mr. EVERETT moved his resolution in the House of Commons, which pledged the government to accept whatever invitations might be extended for a bimetallic conference, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT did not antagonize it, because he saw standing behind the mover the Liberal spinners of Manchester, who have always been as a tower of strength to the party. And when the resolution was moved in the Reichstag, providing that Germany should participate in a new conference, and regretting the growing differences between gold and silver, the Emperor and Prince HOHENLOHE were not inclined to oppose, in this comparatively small thing, the Agrarians, who are eager for the free coinage of silver, for it is true the world over that wheat is cheap, and that the wheat-grower wants to increase the price of his product, while desiring that the price of all the articles that he is compelled to buy shall remain low.

But, notwithstanding this general acquiescence in the idea of holding a bimetallic conference, there is no real hope that any good can result from one. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S tolerant speech accepting Mr. EVERETT'S resolution tells the tale. Neither Great Britain nor Germany will give up its present currency system. Both these nations are satisfied with the single gold standard. Their currency is sound and satisfactory. Their financiers look upon countries that are upon a silver basis with compassion, and probably admire the enormous wealth which enables the United States to make its extravagant experiments in silver. They know well enough that their own countries could not afford them, and they could not be induced to make the attempt.

Since the passage of the two resolutions already referred to the friends of silver in this country have diligently sought to convey the impression that sentiment in Europe has changed, but there is really no evidence that this is true beyond the growing disinclination felt by the politicians now in power to do anything that will offend the silver vote. The interviews with leading Germans, instead of proving that they have become silver men, show that they are quietly avoiding the issue, temporizing and trifling with it just as our own politicians are doing on this side of the water. There is no certainty yet that Germany will issue the invitation for the conference. And if the invitation is issued, no one knows what conditions will be attached which will prevent the reaching of a conclusion that will be satisfactory to the friends of silver. If, for example, Herr von SCHRAUT'S suggestion were adopted, and silver-laden countries were permitted to issue certificates payable in either gold or silver at a ratio, say, of twenty to one, the silver men would not be satisfied. The truth is that many of the gold men of all countries have a hazy theory that the dispute will settle itself in time, and that a conference can do no harm, as it will not adopt international bimetallism, and it may do good by spreading instruction. But we have had enough of this kind of experiment. International conferences do not instruct the people whom we in this country are interested in reaching. They do not read the speeches, except of the American delegates, and when the conference is over we are always just where we were when it began. It will be with this one just as it was with the last, and with the one before the last. When Great Britain and Germany once more say that they will not change their currency systems to please our silver men, and when Austria announces that it has prepared itself to go on a gold basis at great expense and after due consideration, and that it will not change its mind, the money question in America will be precisely what it is to-day. By all means let us meet and settle it now, and to that end let us exhaust discussion and spread abroad all the educational influences at our command.

THE VALUE OF GOOD ROADS.

THERE are few subjects more important to the farmers of this country, and, indeed, to all men who transport their merchandise in wagons, than the subject of good roads. The country may be said to be just waking up to the value of roads over which heavy burdens may be moved with an economical expenditure of force, but the intelligent movement which began less than ten years ago is gathering strength and impetus year by year, and it is not likely to die out so long as a single first-rate road remains as an object-lesson of the gain in money of such constructions to those whose business or recreation makes them the users of country highways.

To the wheelmen a good deal of the enthusiasm of road reform is to be credited. They have worked constantly and enthusiastically for the enactment of laws facilitating road building, for the extended use of the bicycle is impossible unless the old dirt road—muddy in wet weather, and full of ruts and holes, as well as a breeder of choking dust in dry weather—is replaced by the MACADAM or TELFORD way, with its hard, well-crowned surface and adequate drainage. But the influence of the wheelmen and the pleasure-drivers is not to be compared with that which might be exerted by the men whose business requires the transportation of heavy loads from their farms and shops to the railroad stations or their customers.

Colonel FRANCIS VINTON GREENE has recently delivered an address on the subject of good roads in the Butterfield Practical Course at Union College. In the course of his remarks he showed that while Massachusetts annually expends $66 a mile on roads outside of cities, New Jersey, $43, and New York, $30, the average expenditure in the other States is much less. If it is only $18 a mile, this means a total annual expenditure throughout the country of $20,000,000, and much the larger part of this vast sum is literally thrown away on roads that are not only the cause of vexation and discomfort to those who drive over them, but that entail actual loss upon those who are compelled to carry their goods over them to the market or to the railway stations.

The enormous drain made by bad roads on our resources was estimated by Colonel GREENE, and his figures will not be doubted by any one who has paid any attention to the subject. He said: "It has been proved, not only by mechanical experiment but by actual test, that the same force which draws one ton on a muddy earth road will draw four tons on a hard MACADAM road. On the improved roads of New Jersey loads of four to five tons are habitually drawn by a two-horse team. This effects a saving of fully three-fourths of the cost of hauling to the station, and reduces the cost of road transportation from 30 cents to 7½ cents per ton per mile. What this saving amounts to may be imagined when it is known that the New York Central Railroad carries nearly 20,000,000 tons of way freight in a year. If this is hauled only two miles by road, to or from the station, and a saving of 22½ cents per ton per mile could be effected, it would mean a total saving of $9,000,000."

In other words, the question of roads in many of our agricultural communities is a question of farming at a loss or at a profit. And there is not a community or town in the thickly settled parts of the country that cannot provide itself with thoroughly good highways by anticipating its road taxes for fifteen or twenty years. Money borrowed on fifteen or twenty year bonds, to be paid off from the annual road taxes, would be sufficient for the work in each locality, while the expenditure would involve little, if any, increased taxation. The plan that is here suggested has been tried in towns near New York, and it is noticeable that every good piece of road that has been constructed in these communities increases the sentiment in favor of spending money in this way. A good road is an admirable object-lesson of the fact which Colonel GREENE seeks to enforce. In this State the continuity of good roads could be secured through the county system. If the proper spirit be aroused in towns and villages, the problem will be speedily and satisfactorily solved.

STAGE SANITATION.

THE censor of the English stage is dead, and the question is being discussed whether the deceased official ought to have the distinction of being the last of the British censors. There is much to be said for such a proposal. Official censorship belongs to the youth of society. There have been times when it concerned itself with what men ate and drank in their own houses, and with the style and material of what women wore when they went out of doors. It is, in fact, the rule of the nursery extended into the arena of maturer life, and belongs to the grandmotherly theory of government which is not yet entirely discarded in the most advanced countries of the Old World. Even in England, where the censorship of the press has long been abolished, that of the stage lingers, and its continuance is advocated by a class of people whose good intentions are as worthy of respect as their conclusions are open to criticism.

The argument for a censorship of the stage is that it is necessary in the interests of public morality. It is assumed, and no doubt believed, that if theatrical managers were allowed to put anything on the stage which dramatic authors were willing to write, and play-goers were ready to see and hear, the stage would quickly become a centre of moral degradation to the people. To prevent this it is supposed that the appointment of a strictly proper old gentleman to read over all plays before they are acted, and decide whether they may be taken with safety to the moral digestion of play-goers, is as necessary as any other sanatory precaution. In theory the thing is all very well, but, after all, it is no better than the theory which declares that a censorship of the press can alone preserve the morals of a people.

With the decay of old prejudices against the stage there must soon come, in any case, the abolition of the censorship. It must soon dawn upon the public mind that the stage, like the press, is the result rather than the cause of public opinion and feeling, and that such feeling and opinion is, on the whole, more to be trusted in questions of morality than that of any one individual, however respectable. The late censorship of the English stage in the hands of Mr. PIGOTT was a case in point. We have no means of knowing what plays he prohibited, indeed, but we do know that he licensed not a few which public taste has refused to license in this country. Untrammelled criticism is a censorship at once more effective and more trustworthy than the decisions of the most enlightened and unprejudiced of official censors could possibly be. In the light of free and fair criticism the stage can never fall seriously below the moral level of an intelligent public; in the hands of an official censor it is not likely ever to rise to the legitimate heights of excellence which it might otherwise attain.

A VERNAL SIGN.

THE next time the signs of the zodiac are revised, room should be made among them for the bicycle. As they stand they are out of date. The bicycle has come to be about the most conspicuous and omnipresent vernal emblem, and it is more conspicuous and more omnipresent this year than ever before. Hordes of new adventurers —women adventurers in particular—have learned to ride it during the winter that is past, and are ready to seize upon the earliest days of warmth and sunshine to explore the parks and country roads. Since bicycling began, an appalling amount of new knowledge has become necessary for the successful guidance of a family. One must know which bicycle is the best; what is the lowest sum it can be bought for; what sum any given second-hand bicycle is really worth; whether last year's machine will do for another season; and so on indefinitely. Briefly, the active participant in contemporary life must know bicycles, and if he is the father of a family his knowledge must be coextensive with his parental responsibilities.

The peculiarity about bicycles which is most impressive, and also most afflicting, is that every bicyclist yearns to start the season with a brand-new machine of the very newest make. There is such a thing as being satisfied with last year's horse, and even preferring him to an untried quadruped, but improvements in bicycles are devised so much more rapidly than improvements in horses that bicycles get out of date much sooner. And then, too, when you buy a new bicycle you can know pretty definitely what you are getting, and when you buy a new horse of course you can't.

One effect of the passion for a brand-new machine is to flood the market with fairly good machines which lack the latest innovations, and which can be bought so cheap that almost any one who really wants to go on wheels can manage it without serious privation. No doubt farmers' boys will go on bicycles to drive the cows home this summer; and perhaps the ubiquitous tramp on his summer tour will prefer them to the hazardous and uncertain hospitality of the freight-car.

The *Tribune* proposes to open the line of the old Croton aqueduct to bicyclists, giving them right of way for forty miles up the Hudson on a level path, through towns, villages, and country places, all the way to Croton Lake. The idea will undoubtedly be popular with all the bicycling fraternity, but that the residents along the line of the aqueduct will approve it is not equally certain.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

THE last wills and testaments of the late Senator FAIR, who, by-the-way, was a millionaire several times over, continue to appear with unabated regularity. And it is doubtful if the testator himself could make an intelligent statement as to what he had intended to do with his money, were it possible for him to appear as a witness before the court that is to decide upon the question.

It may be that Mr. FAIR, realizing the impossibility of having a will so drawn that it should be admitted to probate without question, deliberately planned the series of startling sensations that is now well under way, to the astonishment of the heirs and the huge satisfaction of all the lawyers concerned. One must imagine that the stolen will and the holographic will and the very latest will were all conceived and executed by Mr. FAIR in a spirit of grim facetiousness at the expense of a legal system that either will not or cannot protect a man in the disposition of what is his own. Since a lawsuit is inevitable, it might as well be made to contribute to the gayety of nations; but Mr. FAIR, warned by the remembrance of the SHARON contest, undoubtedly preferred that the battle should be over immaterial parchments rather than waged about supposititious children and mythical widows. And so there are three wills already in the field, and several counties still to hear from.

On the other hand, it may be contended that Mr. FAIR detested practical joking, and that he was in no wise addicted to the magpie's propensity for hiding valuable trinkets in odd corners and old ladies' pockets. If he made a will, he made it, and that was the end of the matter.

In this view of the case we are forced to the conclusion that California is responsible for the creation of a new industry—that of manufacturing wills for rich men, under the benevolent system of giving everybody a fair chance at the spoils. It is well known that the average man of wealth is either too careless or too incompetent to properly distribute what he leaves behind him, and a syndicate has therefore been organized to supply the want. The rich man of the future will simply pay a small annual assessment to the society, and be entirely relieved of worry and responsibility. He may rest absolutely certain that there will be wills in plenty forth-coming at the proper time, and it is even hoped that in time an authentic last will and testament for every estate worth picking over may be placed within the reach of even the humblest means, perhaps on a basis of monthly instalments.

In the mean time "'ere's richness" enough and to spare for the gentlemen who are engaged in the practice of law on the Pacific slope.

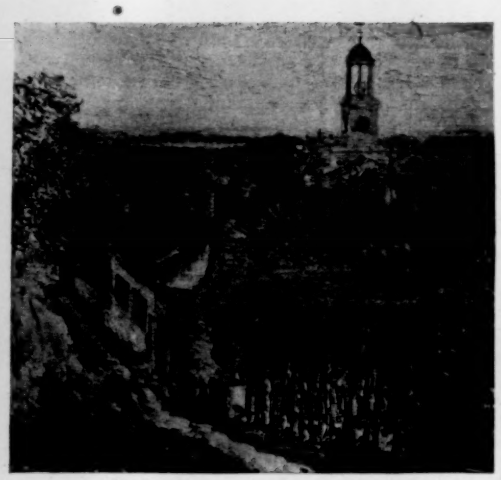
AUTUMN AND SPRING.—By Frank W. Benson.

EARLY SPRING IN VERMONT.—By E. M. Taber.

SNOW.—By C. A. Platt.

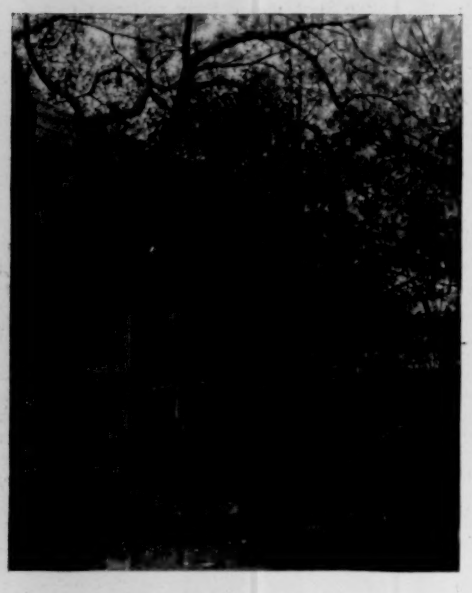
A FRIENDLY CALL (AWARDED THE SHAW FUND).—By Wm. M. Chase.

PHILLIPA PICARD.—By Albert Herter.



QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.—By Childe Hassam.

A PASTORAL.—By Rhoda Holmes Nichols.



THE WAGON-SHOP.—By Joe Evans.

THE ANNUNCIATION.—By Louise Cox.

THE ENCHANTED WOOD.—By H. O. Walker.

FROM THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—[See Page 318.]

THE GENTLE ANGLER.—By Francis C. Jones, N. A.

A MORNING VISION.—By Henry O. Walker, A. N. A. (Elect).

UNA AND THE LION.—F. S. Church, N. A.

A LESSON IN FLOWER ARRANGEMENT.—By Theodore Wores.

THE BENT PIN.—By Wm. H. Beard, N. A.

THE "GANG."—By J. G. Brown, N. A.

THE RAINBOW.—By Hamilton Hamilton, N. A.

THE BLOCK-MAKER.—By Edgar M. Ward, N. A.

DAFFODILS.—By Wm. J. Whittemore.

WAITING.—By J. Wells Champney, A. N. A.

FROM THE SEVENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[See Page 318.]

AT THE AMERICAN ARTISTS'.

THE loveliest flowers that open at Easter-time, when the florists' windows are full of Nature's triumphs over herself, are those which have been leafing and budding through the winter in studios of a favorable northern exposure. I mean of course the picture shows at the spring exhibitions, and I mean more specifically the pictures of American Artists. To see them was a pleasure which had its particulars, and yet what lingers with me from the charm of all that form and color is a sense of bloom such as might remain from some stroll through a gardened landscape in a happy hour of the full-blown spring. It is like that, or it is like the sense of music which one has heard once or twice; and perhaps this is enough; perhaps form and color that insist upon saying something more articulate make the appeal that literature ought to make. I have heard that it is wrong for them to do this, and again I have heard that it is not wrong. The English, apparently, think it is not wrong, but our traditions in art, at least, are not English, and for good or for ill it is to be said of the American Artists' pictures that they are far from making a literary appeal. I recall scarcely one of them that told me a story; several, indeed, suggested this or that, but with the air of letting me understand the other thing if I preferred; they were in their way talk about certain aspects of life or nature, and if you did not quite agree, they did not press the matter; I found them very well bred in that. Of the old-fashioned *genre* there was scarcely a trace; a newsboy looking at the Christmas things on a counter was the one approach to it that I remember. There was nothing dramatic, nothing historical. The level of excellence seemed very nigh.

There were, interestingly enough, several religious subjects, and at least one purely imaginative. At first I should have said there were not many portraits, but upon a revision of my impression I found there were a good many, and some very good, to my thinking, which in matters of art I do not brag of. I brag of it so little that I am not sure I have justice on my side in ever attempting to speak of them; and I could not excuse myself for the present attempt if it were really anything more than a record of feeling.

What I chiefly feel about this show of pictures is that the American Artists are becoming more American. Here were few foreign subjects, and in the treatment of all I fancied the artists remoter than before from their schools; or, to be perfectly honest, that is what I fancy now, upon reflection. I am quite sure, however, that I was sensible, on the several occasions when I visited their exhibition, of a prevalence of landscapes among their pictures; this the most diffident might remark; and I hope it is not immodest to say that I liked it for this. Or if this is going too far, I will say that I liked the frank and simple and direct way in which the landscape was treated. I remember reading once, in the good old days when the artists composed nature as the romantic novelists still compose human nature, that I trembled with a sort of national shame at the words of a French master who thought scorn of the whole American landscape school when he said of an example of it, "C'est un bon portrait." Now, under instruction of Paris, the landscape is more and more the portraiture of nature, I believe; and in this there is a return of our latest landscapists to the spirit of the earliest. They see other aspects of nature, they feel other moods; but they record them with the same fidelity.

Largely the landscapes of the American artists were simply landscapes; even where there were figures in them the spectacle of nature was the great thing; and in their presence I was able at a very late day to cast off a superstition which had long held me in bondage. In a fatal hour I had once heard it said that a landscape without human figures in it was destitute of human interest, and I had often disowned the joy that some such picture gave me because I had been told it was without human interest, when it was really palpitant with it in every part. But the other day, perhaps because the landscapists of this sort abounded in such majority that I could not be afraid, I said to myself boldly, The spectator is the human interest, as the artist was the human interest before him; and if there is no human interest in a landscape it is because there was none in the man who painted it, or is none in the man who looks at it. What could the figure of a man, or even of a woman, have added of human interest to that welter of a huge sea pounding itself to spume and spray on the black rocks; or that lonesome glooming of the midnight on a Western plain; or that slope of pure, cold New England upland under the first light of spring, or those silent stretches of midwinter snow; or that dull warm morning by an expanse of the Hudson; or that old wagon-shop by the way-side? The scene that the artist has filled with his creation is multitudinously, electrically, full of human interest; and there is no solitude except where sincerity and reality are not.

But perhaps this is a theory, like the other, and I must not push it too far. I like figures in pictures too, and I have a fond heart for fable, which is consoled by the sight of wistful innocence like that of the two naked boys in the Enchanted Wood, which was one of the subjects; or that dreamy maid slow pacing by a line of poplars in A Pastoral, with two white dogs beside her; or that troubled face of the girl in the Annunciation; or that valor of the nymphs pelting swans with roses.

Nymphs must be nude, of course, and these nymphs are very nude; their nudity is apparently their chief reason for being where they are; but I am not going to be so philistine as to blame it. I merely wish to note that there seems to be much less of it this year than there was last. That may be because landscape prevails so largely, and a naked landscape would not please so much as a naked person. Or it may be that the living pictures at the theatres have satisfied the taste, or the appetite. Or perhaps there is a change of mood, like that which has tempered the extreme impressionism of former seasons. There are instances of extreme impressionism in the present show, but not so many, or not so very extreme. The sunlight vibrates a little less violently; the colors trill a little less shrilly than they have done before now. But what is good in the movement has not been lost because the pendulum no longer swings so much beyond ticking. The world looks much lighter and brighter, and more positive for it; and if it will not continue to look always and everywhere so light and bright and positive as impressionism has seen it, still we shall have been shown that it does sometimes somewhere look so. To say that you have never seen it look so is as vain as to say that you have never seen people going about with their clothes off, as so many pictures represent them. Both these things are common in the realm of art, where things happen a good deal as the inhabitants happen to feel. When I think of some things that happen there, I find myself suddenly and forlornly remote from it.

W. D. HOWELLS.

SPRING ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

WITH the spring the Society of American Artists comes appropriately to the front. In the exhibition which it opened last week at the Fine Arts Building on West Fifty-seventh Street the element that urges itself upon the visitor most imperatively is one of freshness and animation. There is sunshine everywhere on the walls. This fact is due primarily to the energetic spirit which possesses all the members of the society, and gives their work vitality and brightness. To a greater extent than usual the refreshing effect is further due to the activity of the impressionists. Their works abound, giving a decided tone to the exhibition, and even some of those painters who would seem to have avoided explicit emulation of Claude Monet's example have sailed rather close to that example after all, as witness Mr. Charles A. Platt. That accomplished landscapist has always had a straightforward style of his own, which has been unaffected, on the whole, by impressionistic vagaries, and his principal picture in this exhibition, a beautifully broad and simple study of a "Hill-side Pasture," is untroubled by any chasing after novel light effects. But in several admirable little snow scenes here shown Mr. Platt shares apparently in the current ambition, and his carefully studied shadows, blue with a blueness unfamiliar before the advent of the "plein air" enthusiasts, are illustrative of a very clear vision and an equally reliable hand. Mr. Platt's work is conspicuous upon this occasion as representing at once the most advanced and most rational of recent landscape-painting among the younger men. At the same time the more thorough-going advocates of open-air work make, as has been said, the prominent group of the exhibition. Mr. Twachtman, Mr. Weir, and Mr. Robert Reid appear to be carrying their impressionistic theories about as far as they could safely go, and there are many others—Mr. Niemeyer, Miss Huntington, Mr. Tarbell, and Mr. Hassam—who rival them in audacity and in cleverness. Sometimes the former quality exceeds the second. Mr. Hassam splits his light up into such particles that in the end he has very little light at all, and the Cuban landscape by him, to which the Webb prize has been awarded, deserves that honor only through a most liberal interpretation of the good that resides in an artistic intention. Mr. Hassam means well, no doubt, but while it may be granted that he has grasped a principle, it must be confessed that his application of it is still crude and faltering. The general defect of the impressionistic work shown in this exhibition is in precisely the same direction. The painters have a delightful sense of the free light out-of-doors, and they put warmth, vividness, reality, into their landscapes, and into their figure schemes too, Mr. Tarbell proves; but there is some confusion also noticed in their productions—they do not give their brilliant sketches the unity and balance of sound compositions. For what they do give it is difficult to be anything but grateful. One of the pleasantest features of this display is the air of gay sunny nature which greets you at every point out of some fragmentary and hurried yet skilful and sympathetic study.

Impressionistic or not, the landscapists contrive to keep themselves aggressively in evidence in this collection. Indeed, the figure painters make a far less impressive showing, unless the portrait-painters are included among them. Mr. Lungren, in a weird sombre picture done on the plains of Arizona, Mr. Theodore Robinson, in some powerful little out-door studies, Mr. Taber, Mr. Dearth, Mr. Isham, Mr. Appleton Brown, Mr. Davis, Mr. Chase, and half a dozen others, combine with those mentioned above to demonstrate the ease, the truth, the feeling, and the art with which our landscape school acquits itself even in its minor productions. There is no remarkable landscape shown, but there is a host of charming pictures—small studies like Mr. Nicoll's delicately colored beach scene, or like Mr. Isham's vigorous canvas, No. 157—which leave a really stimulating impression. And sharing in the merit of this section of the show, there are several somewhat striking marines. Mr. Simmons is the author of a large tumultuous canvas full of opalescent color and of the movement of a heavy sea, and from Mr. C. H. Woodbury there comes a work of similar pretensions, which equals it in dignity and force. In a more subtle and more exquisite vein there is a smaller sea-piece by Mr. Kost, which is one of the gems of the collection. It is distinguished in color and sentiment, and it is admirably executed. Mr. Kost has shown good landscapes in public before, but never has he put such strong work to his credit as in this marine. With it may be named two paintings of similar themes by Mr. Howard Russell Butler, whose color seems to us richer upon this occasion than it has commonly appeared—richer and more transparent.

Mr. Chase, who figures attractively among the landscape-painters with a group of sparkling canvases, artificial yet gracefully hit off and pleasing in their way, is also of importance to another wing of the exhibition. One of his figure subjects, a good-sized canvas representing one woman calling upon another in a prettily decorated room, has been given the Shaw prize of fifteen hundred dollars. It is vivacious in color and in style, the scene is handled briskly, with an authoritative elegance, and its dainty light charm is made the most of with an evident enjoyment of the technical facility needed for the exploitation of such a thin motive. The theme is certainly not a lofty one, yet undoubted ability has gone to this celebration of it, and while its painter may not seem a man of high imagination, he is just as plainly a technician of good taste, one with a feeling for the suave picturesqueness of some social life. No one could grudge Mr. Chase his triumph, however slight this performance and all his other spirited works in the exhibition might seem. He has a dozen paintings on the walls, and in them all he has a certain polished debonair quality which is much to be enjoyed. Few of his competitors, if so they may be called, have the same airiness of touch, Mr. Smedley alone approaching him in this regard. The other notable figure-painters are led by Mr. H. O. Walker, Mr. Kenyon Cox, Miss Macomber, and Mr. Bell. The small study by Mr. Bell of a trio symbolizing "Color, Form, and Music" is one of the most daintily designed and deftly handled compositions which have appeared in some time. It is on a high plane, too, and therefore more than usually welcome. Mr. Walker's "Enchanted Wood" and Mr. Church's "Flowers of the Air" are both charmingly poetic conceptions, elaborated with much refined emotion and abundant beauty of execution. Miss Macomber sends a religious piece which is good in idea and drawn with distinction, but the handling is turgid, and provokes regret that this artist has not more smoothness, more ease in the manipulation of her pigments. The large "Temptation of St. Anthony," by Mr. Cox, gives rise to quite another criticism. He has sufficient control over his instruments and his medium, and he has designed his canvas well. But, much as you may admire the draughtsmanship, the balance, the chiar-oscuro, in this picture of a kneeling anchorite tempted in his solitary cave, you leave the painting cold. There is an absence of imagination which causes the composition to fall flat. The four figures have a certain reality, and they are grouped effectively. It is a thoroughly dignified effort. But it fails curiously to convince, and takes a subordinate position in spite of its being by all odds the most ambitious production brought forward by the society this year. There is, on the whole, very little figure-work of originality and power. Mr. Denman's "Nymphs and Swans," Mr. Low's nude study, Mrs. Nichols's "Pastoral," and such other works of fancy as we might mention are of little consequence. Mr. Davies sends a small panel of idyllic character which is momentarily attractive, but it is below his standard. Mr. S. Luis Mora is represented by a little nude subject, a figure standing full length among the blossoms, which is drawn with knowledge; and Mrs. Cox has two imaginative designs, "The Annunciation" and "The Genius of Autumn," which testify to gifts of mind if not to gifts of a manual sort.

The portrait-painters occupy a great deal of space, and some of them, like Miss Beaux, Mr. Isham, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Weir, deserve the recognition they have received. And, indeed, there is an enormous amount of cleverness revealed in the spontaneous decorative studies, chiefly of ladies, which are more than numerous in the three galleries hung with the society's two hundred and seventy-five canvases. Were the proportion of portraits in that total to be sought by an observer with a mathematical turn of mind, it is probable that he would discover them to be absorbing a major part of the society's activity. At the same time specific examination of these portraits is not essential. No one work stands forth as being out of the common, save perhaps Miss Beaux's "Percy" or Mr. Walker's "Polly," and neither of these is extraordinary. In fact, the portraits resemble the remaining pictures in this exhibition in maintaining a high average, rather than in detaching themselves here and there as unique achievements, unexpected, and requiring lengthy descriptions. To put it frankly, this seventeenth annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists does not bring forward what was unexpected, nor does it invite a copious record. But it preserves its familiar standard unblemished, and, in a phrase, it may be described as an excellent, entertaining show.

AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE present season will be remembered as a particularly important one in the artistic records of New York. We have had remarkable displays of the work of John La Farge, Edwin A. Abbey, the late George Inness, Jean François Raffaelli, Puvis de Chavannes, and the late Edouard Manet, and now, at the end of the winter's work, the Society of American Artists and the Academy of Design prove, what has rarely been proved before, that those organizations might exhibit simultaneously, and both be adequate in their illustration of American art. The two shows differ, of course, and in some conspicuous ways, but each is varied and interesting. It is long since the Academy has manifested such a wide range and has preserved such a generally high standard as may be apprehended in the exhibition opened last Monday. No one interest has been allowed to predominate, but all the groups have been given a fair proportion of space, and each has acquitted itself with ability. The Academicians have not been exorbitant in their demands upon the limited line space, and while their opposites, the Impressionists, have been welcomed, the latter have come in their most plausible mood, sparing the even tone of the galleries any of those violent declarations of independence which the newest school always enjoys. The pace at the Academy is not in the main the newest or the most adventurous, but it is steady, elastic, and in one respect sets the most admirable example which the local galleries have brought forward in a year.

In matters of composition the exhibition at the Academy takes a long stride ahead. Any number of the contributors send designs which reveal ambition and constructive faculty. There is, as usual, a sufficient representation of those painters who are satisfied to obtain picturesque effects of color and pose from the decorative treatment of the single figure, and there are works in this field by Mr. Tarbell, Mr. Smedley, Miss Platt, Mr. Low, and others, which do much to give the collection its air of liveliness and easy capability. In its way there have been few pictures shown here of late which have equalled Mr. Tarbell's "Girl With Ring" for mellowness of tone and amplitude of style. But more conspicuous even than this charming portrait, or the dashing portrait of a lady by Mr. Isham, which is similarly individual and authoritative, are the elaborate pictures sent by Mr. H. O. Walker, Mr. Frank Fowler, and a number of others. Mr. Walker's "Morning Vision" is a brilliant work, destined to attract much admiration as the show proceeds. It is an idealized portrait of a mother and child, with three angelic figures included in the composition. The point of view is exalted, the style is sensitive, imbued with the influence of imagination, and the effect is one of fragile beauty throughout. Mr. Walker's delicate art has never seemed more mature or more original than in this example. The ambition of design which it reflects is repeated in Mr. Benson's "Mother and Children," a grouped portrait of much sentiment and executive cleverness, and Miss Macomber has a religious subject, "Faith, Hope, and Love," which belongs in the same category for tenderness of feeling as well as for rightness of composition. A picture more vivacious in conception, but equally dignified, and carried

out with delightful facility of hand, is Mr. E. A. Bell's study of a circle of dancers tripping it over a romantic lawn. This is a fascinating fragment, and not at all hackneyed in effect, though it presents a worn-out theme. Mr. Sewell's "Bacchanals," a brilliantly lighted out-door scene with classic figures, is among the first of the figure subjects for a certain veracity which he gives to his old-world revellers, and for the warmth of atmosphere in which he has wrapped the latter. He and Mr. Curran, with Mr. Denman, Mr. Davies, Baron Rosenkrantz, Mr. Church, and Mr. Shirlaw, are of interest because they have done their work well, but it is peculiarly encouraging to note also that they have produced pictures whose making involved something more than technical polish. They have all striven to express an idea worth pictorial expression, and while there is an element of materialism in Mr. Shirlaw and Mr. Denman, they, as well as the other artists named, have aimed at a poetic effect. They make for something more than bald realism.

It must not be supposed, however, that the realistic painters pure and simple have done nothing for the credit of this exhibition. On the contrary, there is much in the spirited art of Mr. Remington, who sends a large picture of Mexican cowboys, there is much in such anecdotic *genre* as the "Evicted" of Mr. August Franzen and the school subject of Mr. Bush-Brown, and in the straightforward pictures by Mr. Baer and Mr. Carr, to afford pleasure of a healthy and entertaining sort. Mr. Millet's picture of a pretty girl of the old time seated by a huge fireplace is picturesque and polished, a pretty subject prettily treated; and Mr. Mosler's small study of a head, Mr. Guthrie's "Jessica," and Mr. Kenneth Frazier's sketch of a Breton figure are three only in a long list of unremarkable but attractive performances, handled forcibly and exhibiting much taste in color. The principal figure pieces of the collection are the large and more or less complicated designs to which reference has been made, but they do not overshadow the less pretentious works of which Mr. Tarbell's "Girl with Ring" and the "Danseuse" of Mr. Wiles are first-rate specimens. And of kindred significance with these latter there are some most engaging portraits. Mr. Chase has a study in black, "Mother and Child," which has rather more repose and dignity than he always secures, and Mr. Isham's effective portrait of a lady has already been mentioned. Mr. Eakins sends two life-size portraits, of which one, "The Singer," is quite disappointing. The other, a full length of Mr. John McLure Hamilton, standing in an attitude of much masculinity and little conventionality, is a strong achievement, vigorous and masterly. Another Philadelphian, Miss Beaux, is full of *brio* and a fine rapid precision in a portrait of a lady which hangs near the two canvases by Mr. Eakins. She is possibly too reminiscent of Sargent in her brush-work, but she is accomplished, nevertheless, and has strength of her own which it is a pleasure to recognize.

The open-air work at the Academy is, on the whole, less impressionistic than at the exhibition of the Society, but the conservatives and advanced progressives alike bring veracious data into the galleries. In the charming barnyard scene by Mr. Horatio Walker, which revives the sober key of the Dutch school; in the courageous impressionism of Mr. Weir and Mr. Twachtman; in the various manners of Mr. Minor and Mr. Platt, Mr. F. B. Williams and Mr. H. W. Ranger, Mr. Chase and Mr. Parrish—the same freshness of nature is captured, the same personal force is superadded to the elements of fact due to shrewd and sympathetic observation. On this side of the exhibition, as in the department of *genre*, the average is a good one. The Academy has made a sagacious demonstration of its power at this time. It shows liberality in its point of view and taste in the arrangement of the pictures accepted. All in all, the city is to be congratulated on its opening within a few days of the inauguration of the Society's exhibition.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

MR. DAMROSCH'S OPERA SEASON.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

WHATEVER may be said of the artistic features of the season of Wagnerian opera in German, which Mr. Damrosch recently gave at the Metropolitan Opera-house, there can be no question but that it contributed a singularly interesting and surprising chapter to the musical history of New York city. The subscription season was four weeks long—from February 25th to March 23d—and consisted of twelve evening representations and four matinées. To these was added an extra evening, on March 21st, to enable Mr. Max Alvary to effect his one-hundredth public performance of the rôle of Siegfried, in the drama of that name, in the city where he first "created" it, as the French say. The regular season ended, Mr. Damrosch gave three additional evening representations at reduced prices of admission, bringing his entire organization each time from Philadelphia for the purpose. The whole affair was his own venture, he being manager, artistic director, and conductor, but he had the backing of an organization, chiefly of women, which was called into being a year ago for the purpose of lessening his financial risk.

The season came hard on the heels of the Italian and French season of the Messrs. Abbey & Grau, from whom the opera-house was leased. Mr. Damrosch engaged his leading singers in Europe, and, of course, chose artists who were familiar with the operas and dramas of Wagner; but practically he had to build up his institution from the foundation, and to do it within an incredibly short time. With such rapid work we are familiar in America, but in Germany to have suggested such an undertaking as the organization of the company, the preparation of the theatre, and the mounting, rehearsing, and performing of seven of the most difficult and cumbersome works in the repertory of the lyric drama within the space of five or six weeks would have been to have invited an inquest *de lunatico*. I do not wish now to be understood as mentioning these things wholly in the way of praise—the results, from an artistic point of view, disclosed much too often that they were blameworthy—but what credit they reflect upon the tremendous energy, enterprise, and will-power of Mr. Damrosch must be given not only ungrudgingly, but enthusiastically. Plainly he was inspired with a strength of conviction quite out of the ordinary line of the spirit of theatrical speculation upon which we have so often depended for the large undertakings in music. It was a belief based on something like religious zeal, and under the circumstances what he did was an even more remarkable feat than that accomplished by his father when, at the close of the first disastrous Italian season at the new home of grand opera in upper Broadway, he established opera in German for the first time on a worthy scale in America.

At that time the stockholders had failed in their efforts to secure a lessee for their house, and the question was German opera under their own auspices, with Dr. Damrosch as director, or nothing. The doctor had showed them the way out of an unfortunate predicament, and they were bound to support him. His son was thrown on his own resources, and was confronted besides with the fact that his season, necessarily brief, must follow the Italian and French season, made brilliant socially by the prestige of regularity, and artistically by the efforts of one of the most extraordinary galaxies of singers ever brought together under one roof. It was a likely thing that after thirteen weeks of opera the public would be surfeited, or, at least, little disposed to support sixteen further representations devoted exclusively to seven works by Wagner. Surely there was enough in the situation to give the stoutest heart pause, but the results have disclosed that the very factors in the problem which seemed to point to disaster were the ones that made for success.

And such a success! Not only far in advance of what the fondest Wagnerites had dared to hope for as a tribute to their art, but one that compelled them to rub their eyes in amazement, and grope and stare in the search for causes. Twenty times in succession was the vast audience-room crowded, and when the time was come for striking the balance on the subscription season there was talk, probably a little fantastic, of receipts aggregating $150,000, or nearly $9000 a performance. I should like to keep the thought of this unparalleled financial success separated from that of the artistic results attained. Between the financial and the artistic achievements there was a wide disparity, but that fact only suffices to emphasize the most obvious lesson of the season, namely, the vast desire that the people of New York felt again to enjoy Wagner's dramas. Fortunately we can speak of the capaciousness of that hunger without lauding its intelligence or discrimination; else were the conclusions of the judicious everlastingly confounded. To appreciate the full force of this lesson it may be well to review briefly a decade of operatic history.

The Metropolitan Opera-house was opened on October 22, 1883, with an Italian company under the management of Mr. Henry E. Abbey. In the course of the first season sixty-one representations were given of nineteen operas, and when it was brought to a close, Mr. Abbey's name was ready for enrolment beside that of the Englishman Taylor as a martyr of huge dimensions in the cause of propagating the costly exotic. The directors of the opera-house had set out a limited guarantee to him and advanced a liberal loan; they were willing to be more generous in the second season, but Mr. Abbey was of the opinion that his cup of experience was full—he could not be persuaded to try again. Negotiations were thereupon begun with Mr. Gye of London, but between the demands of the directors and the fears of Mr. Gye they fell through late in the summer of 1884. Then came Dr. Damrosch with his proposition for German opera, to be directed by him, but the risks to be assumed by the stockholders. It was now this or nothing, and, fully empowered to make contracts, Dr. Damrosch went to Germany, and in the space of a month organized a company with Madame Materna at its head. The scheme was essentially German. It dispensed with the "star" system, which had proved so ruinous to Mr. Abbey, except so far as Madame Materna's engagement was a deference to it, and trusted for success to perfection of *ensemble*, richness and correctness of stage furnishings, and devotion to dramatic truth.

At the close of this first experimental season the directors found, to their surprise, that they had made a loss of about $40,000 only. It was resolved to continue on the same lines, and Dr. Damrosch having died before the season ended, the directors chose Mr. Edmund C. Stanton as their executive, and Mr. Anton Seidl was brought from Germany to be musical director. Mr. Walter Damrosch began his career as opera conductor after the death of his father, and cut his first teeth as manager by acting as assistant to Mr. Stanton in the second season. From then till the end of the season 1890–1 opera in German ruled at the Metropolitan Opera-house, with many vicissitudes from an artistic as well as financial point of view, but with a steady educational influence upon the public in its favor, as is convincingly proved by the circumstance that whereas the popular subscription in 1884 amounted to only $8000, it had reached $72,000 in 1890–1, when a party in the body of stockholders that had long been laboring to return to the old methods succeeded in supplanting German with Italian opera.

It is a singular commentary on the battle which was carried on so long and so acrimoniously that the opposition based itself chiefly on its dislike for the dramas of Wagner, which were rapidly solving the question for the stockholders how to give permanent establishment to the form of entertainment which, though so much admired in New York since its advent in 1825, had yet failed to obtain an abiding-place here. Let me show what I mean by an appeal to facts and figures. Until 1886 none of the latter-day lyric dramas of Wagner had been seen or heard in New York except *Die Walküre*, which had a wretched introduction in 1877 at a "festival" directed by Mr. Adolf Neuendorf, and had been brought forward worthily by Dr. Damrosch in the first German season at the Metropolitan Opera-house. *Die Meistersinger*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Das Rheingold*, *Siegfried*, and *Die Götterdämmerung* were as sealed books to all New-Yorkers except the few who had witnessed and heard them in Europe. The other two operas which Mr. Damrosch's list includes, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, had for years belonged to the local repertories, the former in the list of nearly every German company that came after 1859, in which year it was brought forward for the first time in America at the old Stadt Theatre in the Bowery, under the direction of Carl Bergmann (the Männergesangverein Arion singing the choruses), the latter in the Italian companies, beginning with that of Strakosch, which gave it its first Italian representation in 1873. In German *Lohengrin* was first heard here in 1870, under the direction of Adolf Neuendorf, and also at the Stadt Theatre.

In the modern sense our Wagnerian era begins with January 4, 1886, when *Die Meistersinger* was brought forward in the Metropolitan Opera-house. *Tristan und Isolde* followed on December 1, 1886, *Siegfried* on December 9, 1887, *Die Götterdämmerung* on January 25, 1888, and *Das Rheingold* on January 4, 1889. It was Mr. Seidl's privilege to direct all of these productions. Between the first date and the end of the German season these operas had a few more than one hundred representations, which, together with those of *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Die Walküre*, made up about fifty-four per centum of all the representations given. These Wagnerian dramas yielded, in the last five years of the opera, $590,021 70, as against $410,332 75 brought in by the entire non-Wagnerian list, a difference in favor of Wagner of $179,688 95. The difference in favor of Wagner in average receipts was $525 50 in 1886–7, $777 27 in 1887–8, $465 81 in 1888–9, $516 45 in 1889–90, and $604 09 in 1890–1.

The lesson taught by these figures has been marvellously enforced by the attendance on Mr. Damrosch's representations—all the more eloquently enforced since there was so much in these representations that did violence to the ideal which is implied in the phrase Wagnerian drama. For ten years the music-loving public of New York have been educated in an appreciation of that ideal, for the influences of the German representations did not cease with their departure. Mr. Abbey's singers were listened to in a different spirit than they would have been ten years ago, when the majority of opera-goers were willing to let beautiful vocalization be the be-all and end-all of operatic performance. The circumstance has not escaped the notice of the singers themselves, and I have heard M. Jean de Reszké, a noble artist, who has benefited by the changed conditions, confess that the standard of judgment in operatic affairs is now much higher in New York than in Paris or London. A beautiful voice and perfect vocal art are admired as much as ever they were, but to them something must be added if the public is to be satisfied. "He does not act," "She is self-conscious," "He has no conception of the character," "She is a cold singer"—such are some of the judgments which speak condemnation for the new standard. The drama has come into some of its rights on the lyric stage, and the old absurdities are no longer witnessed with patience or toleration.

Something which sounded suspiciously like a knell was rung over *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Semiramide*, and *Rigoletto* in the recent season of Messrs. Abbey & Grau, notwithstanding they were presented with the lovely vocal art of Madame Melba. The more remarkable, therefore, I repeat, that Mr. Damrosch's representations, so faulty judged by the standard which the conception of German opera or Wagnerian drama sets up, should have enjoyed such amazing vogue. Great must have been the hunger which could not be perverted by the vast deal of slipshod work in the scenic department of those representations, and the vaster deal of bungling and makeshift in the stage management. Many an affront was given to the taste and intelligence of the audiences, and dreadful was the choral cacophony which filled some of the evenings; yet the people came; they came to hear the dramas instead of the singers; and though *Lohengrin* was beautifully performed in the Italian season by artists like Nordica, Jean and Edouard de Reszké, and Maurel in the cast, the public crowded into the German representations as if expecting a special revelation from Fräulein Gadski and Herr Rothmühl. Of all the singers only Miss Brema, a newcomer, and Mr. Fischer, who has been a New-Yorker for a decade, were entirely satisfactory. For the beautiful dramatic art of Frau Sucher (the Isolde of the Baireuth festivals since 1886), and for her loveliness of person and pose, there was much hearty admiration, but this could not close the ears of her listeners to the fact that her voice has lost its freshness.

Mr. Alvary's picturesque, poetical, and convincing impersonation of the impetuous young forest lad in *Siegfried* was a delight to the eye and fancy, but he was never a finished singer, and for the rôle of Tristan he lacks several essential elements, including physical stature, reposefulness, and proper understanding. His acting and singing in the last act of the love drama were tremendously exciting, but his conception of Wagner's purpose is tremendously wrong. Finally, it must be said, since the spirit of candor demands it, that had all the things which I have cavilled with been good, from an ideal point of view, the representations of *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, and *Die Götterdämmerung* would still fall under condemnation because of Mr. Damrosch's faulty readings of the scores.

HE TOOK TIME TO DIE.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

THERE was an old fellow who never had time
For a fresh morning look at the Volume sublime,
Who never had time for the soft hand of prayer
To smooth out the wrinkles of labor and care,
Who could not find time for that service most sweet
At the altar of home where the dear ones all meet,
And never found time with the people of God
To learn the good way that the fathers have trod;
But he found time to die,
Oh yes!
He found time to die.

This busy old fellow, too busy was he
To linger at breakfast, at dinner, or tea
For the merry small chatter of children and wife,
But led in his marriage a bachelor life;
Too busy for kisses, too busy for play,
No time to be loving, no time to be gay,
No time to replenish his vanishing health,
No time to enjoy his swift-gathering wealth;
But he found time to die;
Oh yes!
He found time to die.

This beautiful world had no beauty for him;
Its colors were black and its sunshine was dim.
No leisure for woodland, for river, or hill,
No time in his life just to think and be still,
No time for his neighbors, no time for his friends,
No time for those highest immutable ends
Of the life of a man who is not for a day,
But, for worse or for better, for ever and aye,
Yet he found time to die?
Oh yes!
He found time to die.

TRILBY'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

TRILBY (VIRGINIA HARNED) AND LITTLE BILLEE (ALFRED HICKMAN).

TRILBY THE SINGER.

GECKO (ROBERT PATON GIBBS).

SVENGALI (WILTON LACKAYE).

THE LAIRD (JOHN GLENDINNING).

MME. VINARD (MATHILDE COTTRELLY).

DODOR (HERBERT AYLING), LITTLE BILLEE (ALFRED HICKMAN) AND ZOU ZOU (LEO DIETRICHSTEIN).

TAFFY (BURR McINTOSH).

TRILBY DRAMATIZED—PAUL M. POTTER'S PLAY, BASED ON DU MAURIER'S NOVEL, AS PERFORMED BY A. M. PALMER'S COMPANY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY ELMER CHICKERING.—[SEE PAGE 326.]

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT GOES ILL.

IT was August, and the leaves of the chestnuts were still green, when they sacked the St. Alais' house at Cahors and I fell senseless on the stairs. The ashes were bare and the oaks clad only in russet when I began to know things again, and looking sideways from my pillow into a gray autumnal world, took up afresh the task of living. Even then many days had to elapse before I ceased to be merely an animal—content to eat and drink and sleep, and take Father Benoît

"ANDRÉ CAME IN WITH MY BROTH."

kneeling by my bed for one of the permanent facts of life. But the time did come at last, in late November, when the mind awoke, as those who had watched by me had never thought to see it awake, and meeting the good curé's eyes with my eyes, I saw him turn and break into joyful weeping.

A week from that time I knew all—the story, public and private, of that wonderful autumn during which I had lain like a log in my bed. At first, avoiding topics that touched me too nearly, Father Benoît told me of Paris—of the ten weeks of suspicion and suspense which followed the Bastille riots, weeks during which the Faubourgs, scantly checked by Lafayette and his National Guards, kept jealous watch on Versailles, where the Assembly sat in attendance on the King; of the scarcity which prevailed through this trying time, and the constant rumors of an attack by the court; of the Queen's unfortunate banquet, which proved to be the spark that fired the mine; last of all, of the great march of the women to Versailles on the 5th of October, which, by forcing the King and the Assembly to Paris, and making his Majesty a prisoner in his own palace, put an end to this period of uncertainty.

"And since then?" I said, in feeble amazement. "This is late November, you tell me?"

"Nothing has happened," he answered, "except signs and symptoms."

"And those?"

He shook his head. "Every one is enrolled in the National Guards. Here, in Quercy, the corps which M. Hugues took it in hand to form numbers some thousands. Every one is armed, therefore. Then, the game-laws being abolished, every one is a sportsman. And so many nobles have emigrated that either there are no nobles or all are nobles."

"But who governs?"

"The municipalities. Or, where there are none, committees."

I could not help smiling. "And your committee, M. le Curé?" I said.

"I do not attend it," he answered, wincing. "They go too fast for me. But I have worse to tell you."

"What?"

"On the 4th of August the Assembly abolished the tithes of the Church; early in this month they proposed to confiscate the estates of the Church. By this time it is probably done."

"What? And are the clergy to starve?" I cried.

"Not quite," he answered. "They are to be paid by the state—as long as they please the state."

He went when he had told me that; and I lay in amazement, looking through the window, and striving to picture the changed world that lay around me. Presently André came in with my broth. I thought it weak, and said so; the strong gust of outside life which the news had brought into my chamber had roused my appetite, and given me a distaste for tisanes and slops.

But the old fellow took the complaint very ill. "Well," he said, "and what else is to be expected, monsieur? With little rent paid, and half the pigeons in the cote slaughtered, and scarcely a hare left on the country-side? With all the world shooting and snaring, and smiths and tailors cocked up on horses with swords by their sides, and the gentry gone or hiding their heads in bed—it is a small thing if the broth is weak! If M. le Vicomte liked strong broth he should have been wise enough to keep the cow himself, and not—"

"Tut, tut, man!" I said, wincing in my turn. "What of Buton?"

"Monsieur means M. le Capitaine Buton?" the old man said, with a sneer. "He is at Cahors."

"And was any one punished for—for the affair at St. Alais?"

"No one is punished nowadays," André replied, tartly. "Except sometimes a miller who is hung because corn is dear."

"Then even Petit Jean—"

"Petit Jean went to Paris. Doubtless he is now a major or a colonel."

With this shot the old man left me—left me writhing. For through all I had not dared to ask the one thing I wished to know—the one thing that, as my strength increased, had grown with it, from a dull, ill-defined apprehension of evil, which the mind, when bidden to do its duty, failed to grasp, to a dreadful anxiety only too well understood and defined; a brooding fear that weighed upon me like an evil dream, and, in spite of youth, sapped my life and retarded my recovery.

I have read that a fever sometimes burns out love, and that a man rises cured not only of his illness, but of the passion which consumed him when he succumbed to it. But this was not my fate; from the moment when that dull anxiety about I knew not what took shape and form, and I saw on the green curtains of my bed a pale child's face—a face that now wept and now gazed at me in sad appeal—from that moment mademoiselle was never out of my waking mind for an hour. God knows if any thought of me on her part, if any silent cry of her heart to me in her troubles, had to do with this; but it was the case.

However, on the next day the fear and the weight were removed. I suppose that Father Benoît had made up his mind to broach the subject, which hitherto he had shunned with so much care; for his first question, after he had learned how I did, brought it up. "You have never asked what happened after you were injured, M. le Vicomte?" he said, with a little hesitation. "Do you remember?"

"I can remember all," I said, with a groan.

He drew a breath of relief. I think he had feared that there was still something amiss with the brain. "And yet you have never asked?" he said.

"Man! Cannot you understand why?" I cried, hoarsely, rising, and sinking back in my seat in uncontrollable agitation. "Cannot you understand that until I asked I had hope? But now—torture me no longer! Tell me, tell me all, man, and—"

"There is nothing but good to tell," he answered, cheerfully, endeavoring to dispel my fears at the first word. "You know the worst. Poor M. de Gontaut was killed on the stairs. He was too infirm to fly. The rest, to the meanest servant, got away over the roofs of the neighboring houses."

"And escaped?"

"Yes. The town was in an uproar for many hours, but they were well hidden. I believe that they have left the country."

"You do not know where they are, then?"

"No; I never saw any of them after the outbreak. But I heard of them being in this or that château. At the Harincourts' and elsewhere. Then the Harincourts left—about the middle of October—and I think that M. de St. Alais and his family went with them."

I lay for a while too full of thankfulness to speak. Then, "And you know nothing more?"

"Nothing," the curé answered.

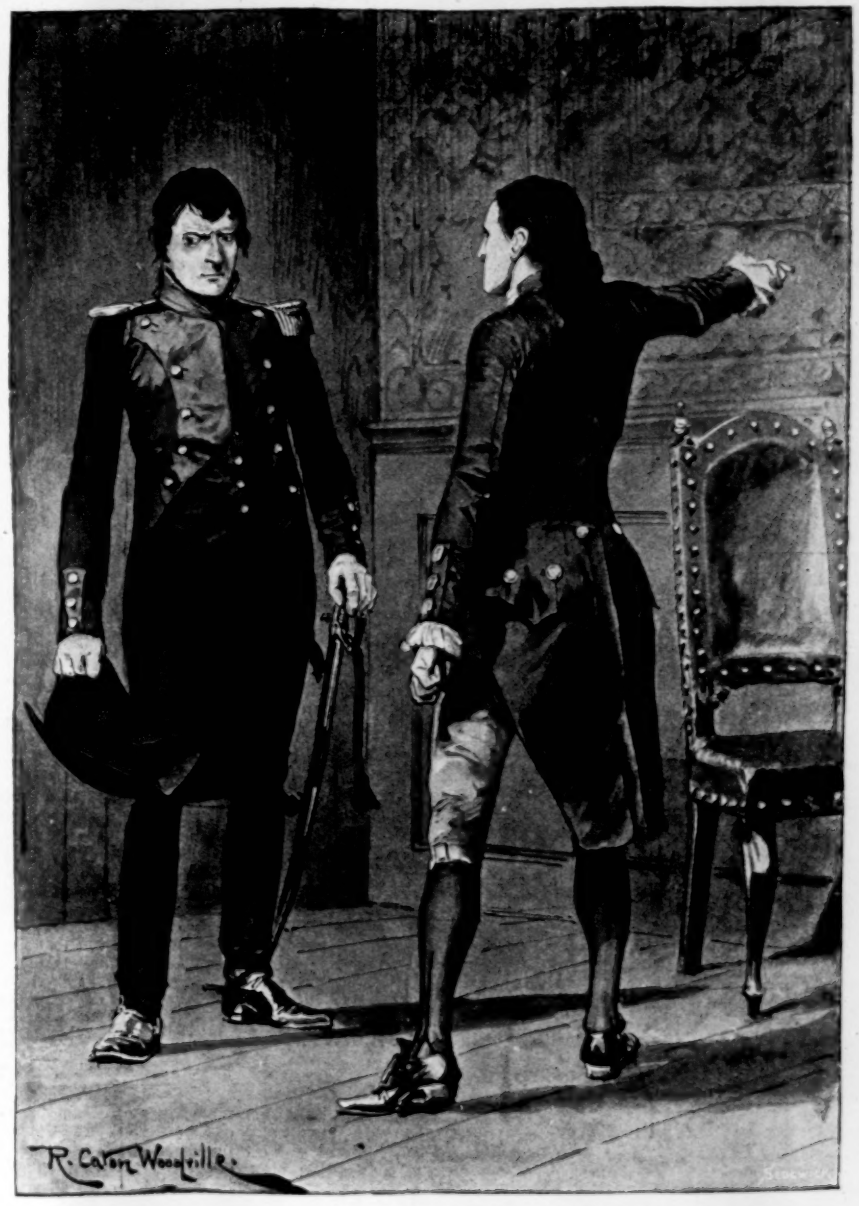
But that was enough for me. When he came again I was able to walk with him on the terrace, and after that I gained strength rapidly. But I presently remarked that as my spirits rose with air and exercise, Father Benoît's declined. The priest's kind sensitive face grew day by day more sombre, his fits of silence longer. "It goes ill, it goes ill," he said, when I asked him the reason. "And, God forgive me, I had to do with it."

"Who had not?" I said, soberly.

"But I should have foreseen!" he answered, wringing his hands. "I should have known that God's first gift to man was—order! Order, and to-day in Cahors there is no tribunal, or none that acts; the old magistrates are afraid, and the old laws are spurned, and no man can even recover a debt! Order, and the worst thing a criminal thrown into prison has now to fear is that he may be forgotten. Order, and I see arms everywhere, and men who cannot read teaching those who can, and men who pay no taxes disposing of the money of those who do! I see famine in the town, and the farmers and the peasants killing game or folding their hands—for who will work when the future is uncertain? I see the houses of the rich empty, and their servants starving, and all trade, all commerce, all buying and selling except of the barest necessaries, at an end! I see all these things, M. le Vicomte, and shall I not say, *mea culpa, mea culpa?*"

"But liberty!" I said, feebly. "A certain price must—"

"Is liberty license to do wrong?" he cried, almost with passion—and seldom had I seen him so moved. "Is



"'GO!' I SAID. 'I HAVE HEARD ENOUGH. BEGONE!'"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

liberty license to rob and blaspheme, and move your neighbor's landmark? Does tyranny cease to be tyranny when the tyrants are no longer one, but a thousand? M. le Vicomte, I know not what to do," he continued. "I know not what to do. For a little I would go out into the world and at all costs unsay what I have said, undo what I have done! I would! I would indeed!"

"Something more has happened?" I said, startled by this outbreak. "Something I have not heard?"

"The Assembly took away our tithes and our estates!" he answered. "They denied our existence as a Church. They have now decreed the suppression of all religious houses. Presently they will close also our churches and cathedrals! And we shall be pagans!"

"Impossible!" I said.

"But it is true."

"The suppression, yes. But for the churches and cathedrals—"

"Why not?" he answered, despondently. "God knows there is little faith abroad. I fear it will come. I see it coming. The greater need that we who believe should testify."

I did not quite understand what he meant or what he had in his mind, but I saw that his scrupulous nature was tormented by the thought that he had hastened the catastrophe; and I felt uneasy when he did not appear next day at his usual time for visiting me. On the following day he came, but was downcast and taciturn, taking leave of me when he went with a sad kindness that almost made me call him back. The next day again he did not appear; nor the day after that. Then I sent for him, but only to learn from his old housekeeper that he had left home suddenly, after arranging with a neighboring curé to have his duties performed for a month.

I was able by this time to go abroad a little, and I walked down to his cottage; but I could only learn there that a Capuchin monk had been his guest for two nights, and that M. le Curé had left for Cahors a few hours after the monk. That was all; and I returned depressed and dissatisfied. Such villagers as I met by the way greeted me with respect, and even with sympathy—it was the first time I had gone into the hamlet—but the shadow of suspicion which I had discerned on their faces some months before had grown deeper and darker with time. They no longer knew with certainty their places or mine, their rights or mine, and, shy of me and doubtful of themselves, were glad to part from me.

Near the gates of the avenue I met a man whom I knew, a wine-dealer from Aulnay. I staid to ask him if the family were at home.

He looked at me in surprise. "No, M. le Vicomte," he said. "They left the country some weeks ago—after the King was persuaded to go to Paris."

"And M. le Baron?"

"He too."

"For Paris?"

The man, a respectable bourgeois, grinned at me.

"No, monsieur, I fancy not," he said. "You know best, M. le Vicomte, but if I said Turin, I doubt I should be little out."

"I have been ill," I said, "and have heard nothing."

"You should go into Cahors," he answered, with rough good-nature. "Most of the gentry are there—if they have not gone farther. It is safer than the country in these days. Ah, if my father had lived to see—"

He did not finish the sentence in words, but raised his eyebrows and shoulders, saluted me, and rode away. It was easy to see that the change pleased him, though he veiled his satisfaction out of civility.

I walked home, feeling lonely and depressed. The tall stone house, the seigneurial tower and turret and dovecote, stripped of the veil of foliage that in summer softened their outlines, stood up bare and gaunt at the end of the avenue, and seemed in some strange way to share my loneliness, and to speak to me of evil days on which we had alike fallen. In losing Father Benoît I had lost my only chance of society just when with returning strength the desire for companionship and a more active life was awakening. I thought of this gloomily, and then was delighted to see, as I approached the door, a horse tethered to the ring beside it. There were holsters on the saddle, and the girths were splashed.

André was in the hall, but, to my surprise, instead of informing me that there was a visitor, he went on dusting a table, with his back to me.

"Who is here?" I said, sharply.

"No one," he answered.

"No one? Then whose is that horse?"

"The smith's, monsieur."

"What? Buton's?"

"Ay, Buton's! It is a new thing hanging it at the front door," he continued, with a sneer.

"But what is he doing? Where is he?"

"He is where he ought to be; and that is at the stables," the old fellow answered. "I'll be bound that it is the first piece of honest work he has done for many a day."

"Is he shoeing?"

"Why not? Does monsieur want him to dine with him?" was the ill-tempered retort.

I took no notice of this, but went to the stables. I could hear the bellows heaving; and turning the corner of the building, I came on Buton at work in the forge with two of his men. The smith was stripped to his shirt, and, with his great leather apron round him and his bare blackened arms, looked like the Buton of six months ago. But outside the forge lay a little heap of clothes—a blue coat with red facings, a long blue waistcoat, and a hat with a huge tricolor; and as he released the horse's hoof on which he was at work, and straightened himself to salute me, he looked at me with a new look that was something between appeal and defiance.

"Tut, tut!" I said, fleering at him. "This is too great an honor, M. le Capitaine! To be shod by a member of the Committee!"

"Has M. le Vicomte anything of which to complain?" he said, reddening under the deep tan of his face.

"I? No, indeed. I am only overwhelmed by the honor you do me."

"I have been here to shoe once a month," he persisted, stubbornly. "Does monsieur complain that the horses have suffered?"

"No. But—"

"Has M. le Vicomte's house suffered? Has so much as a stack of his corn been burned, or a colt taken from the fields, or an egg from the nest?"

"No," I said.

Buton nodded gloomily. "Then if monsieur has no fault to find," he replied, "perhaps he will let me finish my work. Afterwards I will deliver a message I have for him. But it is for his ear, and the forge—"

"Is not the place for secrets, though the smith is the man," I answered, with a parting gibe. "Well, come to me on the terrace when you have finished."

He came an hour later, looking hugely clumsy in his fine clothes, and with a sword—Heaven save us!—a sword by his side. Presently the murder came out; he was the bearer of a commission appointing me Lieutenant-Colonel in the National Guard of the Province. "It was given at my request," he said, with awkward pride. "There were some, M. le Vicomte, who thought that you had not behaved altogether well in the matter of the riot, but I rattled their heads together. Besides, I said, 'No Lieutenant-Colonel, no Captain!' and they cannot do without me. I keep this side quiet."

What a position it was! And how for a moment the absurdity of it warred in my mind with the humiliation! Six months before I should have torn up the paper in a fury and flung it in his face, and beaten him out of my presence with my cane. But much had happened since then; even the temptation to break into sudden laughter, into peal upon peal of sarcastic merriment, was not now invincible. I overcame it by an effort, partly out of prudence, partly from a better motive—a sense of the man's rough fidelity amid circumstances and in face of anomalies the most trying. I thanked him instead, therefore, though I almost choked, and said I would write to the Committee.

Still he lingered, rubbing one great foot against another, and I waited with mock politeness to hear his business. At length, "There is another thing I wish to say, M. le Vicomte," he growled. "M. le Curé has left Saux."

"Yes?"

"Well, he is a good man; or he was a good man," he continued, grudgingly. "But he is running into trouble, and you would do well to let him know that."

"Why?" I said. "Do you know where he is?"

"I can guess," he answered. "And where others are too, and where there will presently be trouble. These Capuchin monks are not about the country for nothing. When the crows fly home there will be trouble. And I do not want him to be in it."

"I have not the least idea where he is," I said, coldly. The smith's tone had changed, and grown savage and churlish.

"He has gone to Nîmes," he answered.

"To Nîmes?" I cried, in astonishment. "How do you know?"

"I do know," he answered, stubbornly. "And what is brewing there. And so do a great many more. But this time the St. Alais and their bullies, M. le Vicomte—ay, they are all there—will not escape us. We will break their necks. Yes, M. le Vicomte, make no mistake," he continued, glaring at me, his eyes red with suspicion and anger. "Mix yourself up with none of this. We are the people! The people! Woe to the man or thing that stands in our way!"

"Go!" I said. "I have heard enough. Begone!"

He looked at me a moment as if he would answer me. But old habits overcame him, and with a sullen word of farewell he turned and went round the house. A minute later I heard his horse trot down the avenue.

I had cut him short; yet the instant he was gone I wished him back, that I might ask him more. The St. Alais at Nîmes? Father Benoît gone to Nîmes? Something brewing there in which all had a hand? On the instant the news opened a window as it were into a wider world, through which I looked, and no longer felt myself shut in by the lonely country round me and the lack of society. I looked, and saw the great, white, dusty city of the south, and trouble rising in it, and in the middle of the trouble, looking at me wistfully, Denise de St. Alais.

Father Benoît had gone thither. Why might not I?

I walked up and down in a flutter of spirits, and the longer I considered it, the more I liked it; the longer I thought of the dull inaction in which I must spend my time at home, unless I consented to rub shoulders with Buton and his like, the more taken I was with the idea of leaving.

And, after all, why not? Why should I not go?

I had my commission in my pocket, wherein I was not only appointed to the National Guard, but described as "lately President of the Council of Public Safety in the Province of Quercy," and this, taking the place of papers or passport, would render travelling easy. My long illness would serve as an excuse for a change of air, and explain my absence from home. I had in the house as much money as I needed. In a word, I could see no difficulty. I had only to please myself.

Accordingly, the following day I mounted a horse for the first time and rode two-thirds of a league on the road, and home again, very tired.

Next morning I rode to St. Alais and viewed the ruins, and returned; this time I was less fatigued.

Then on the following day, Sunday, I rested, and on the Monday I rode half-way to Cahors, and back again. That evening I cleaned my pistols, and overlooked Gil while he packed my saddle-bags, choosing two plain suits, one to pack and one to wear, and a hat with a small tricolor rosette. On the following morning, the 6th of February, I took the road, and parting from André on the outskirts of the village, I turned my horse's head towards Figeac, with a sense of freedom, of escape from difficulties and embarrassments, of hope and anticipation, that made that first hour delicious, and that still supported me when the short February day began to give place to the chill darkness of evening—evening, that in an unknown, untried place is always sombre and melancholy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONEY, BANKING, AND CURRENCY.

V.

In the preceding paper I have described the embryonic bank note. In a bank-note the banker makes a promise to pay a definite sum of money to the person who presents it for redemption. The general storekeeper was the banker in the case which I imagined. He issued orders on himself, which were used as currency. It is quite possible that not one of such orders would ever demand the use of a single coined dollar. It must be recollected that the leading question raised by those who are opposed to a single gold standard is as to the quantity of real money. There is a book enjoying a large circulation in the States of the middle West embodying the supposititious lectures of an imaginary young financier named Coin, whose real name is Fiat. This young financier lays down the rule that there should be a real money dollar for every credit dollar or every representative dollar existing in the country. There are about 66,000,000 of people in the United States, and reckoning the circulating currency at $25 per capita, and the coin, government paper, and national bank notes as about one-tenth of the instrumentalities or tools of exchange in the country, Coin would have gold and silver money increased from about $1,250,000,000 to about $16,500,000,000.

Let us assume for the sake of illustration that the storekeeper's $10,000 in orders came finally into the possession of his debtors; that every man who held one of them owed him a sum of money equal to the face value of the order. The result would be that, through the agency of the speculator, the storekeeper would obtain payment of the debts due him. The farmers, by using the orders, would pay their debts in grain, in horses, in old accounts, in interest money, in products of various kinds. Barter would be simply facilitated by the use of this paper. The speculator himself might not employ any coin in repaying the storekeeper. As we have seen, he might send his check to the storekeeper to pay off the orders he had obtained from him, and it might easily be that the bank on which this check was drawn would hold a note owing by the storekeeper, who had in this way paid for goods which he had purchased. The check would then be used by the storekeeper to pay off the note. Or the check on the bank might be presented to it through another bank, on which, in turn, the first bank might hold a check. Between these two banks there would be a settlement of the difference between the two checks in money. For example: If the check drawn by the speculator to the order of the storekeeper was for $10,500—the $10,000 of orders and $500 half of the profit of the transaction—it might be sent to a second bank for deposit, or in payment of the storekeeper's note for that amount or for a smaller amount. If the amount of the note were less than the check, the bank would simply give the storekeeper credit for the difference. Not a dollar of money would pass unless the storekeeper desired a settlement, and then he would receive the balance due him in coin, or in another check, or in bills. The check on the first bank would not necessarily be paid in money when it was presented by the second bank; the first bank might, and if the two banks were located in a city it probably would, hold a check against the second bank. I am now speaking of single transactions for the sake of simplicity. The truth is that to fairly represent the transactions between two banks situated in any considerable city, this single illustration would have to be multiplied by tens, or hundreds, or thousands, according to the size of the city and the volume of its transactions. The demand on the first bank would be for $10,500. If the demand on the second bank held by the first bank was equal to that, there would be simply an offset, and the accounts between the two would be settled without the passing of a single dollar.

In this event we should have this history of the transactions which began with the loan of orders by the storekeeper to the speculator: The speculator having no money, borrowed orders drawn by the storekeeper on himself. These orders were promises to pay. With these orders the speculator purchased products of the neighboring farmers of the aggregate value of $10,000. With the same orders one farmer purchased a horse; another paid a debt; a third paid interest on his mortgage. Other farmers paid rent, repaired their houses, built barns, bought cattle; and finally, all the orders coming into the possession of debtors of the storekeeper, they were employed to cancel their debts, and the orders were destroyed. With $10,000 worth of the storekeeper's orders transactions involving hundreds of thousands of dollars would thus be carried on, and all without the use of a single piece of real money, or even a single bank-note.

On the other side of the transaction we have this state of affairs: The speculator sells the products which he has bought of the farmers. In payment he receives checks, which he deposits in his bank. Let us call it the First National Bank. These checks are orders on other banks. The speculator draws his own check, which is an order on the First National Bank, and sends it to the storekeeper in payment of the original orders. When the check is received the storekeeper is really paid the debts owing him by the farmers. When the storekeeper receives the check he deposits it in his local bank, and this bank sends it to its corresponding bank in the city in which the First National Bank is located. Then the First National pays to this corresponding bank, the Second, the difference between whatever check is held by it which is an order on the Second, and that which the Second holds against it, which is the speculator's check to the storekeeper. This is the first use of money or bank-notes in all these many transactions.

Not only has nothing but paper been used, but the paper has consisted of promises to pay, in the aggregate, $10,000 in the dealings between the speculator and the farmers, and $10,500 in the dealings between the speculator and the storekeeper through the agency of the banks.

But checks are not the only kind of currency which can be used as a tool for the facilitating of exchange. There are various other forms of credit, into which we need not inquire so fully as we have examined the procession of the checks. The storekeeper may make a record of his claim against the speculator in his books, and by assigning this claim may obtain goods that he needs; or the farmer from whom the speculator buys the grain may take the promissory note of the speculator and by endorsement may purchase the horse that he needs; and so, by endorsement after endorsement, the promissory note may act as the vehicle by which many exchanges are carried on. Or the speculator may draw a bill against a merchant in the city to whom he expects to sell the grain, and use the bill for paying his debt to the storekeeper. There are endless devices by which men carry on business without the use of money, and if it should happen that these devices were abandoned, the business of the world would be greatly crippled. Transactions would become cumbersome. It would seem almost like going back to the age of barter. As it is, real money is needed only for the settlement of balances, and how little is needed for that may be judged from the illustrations which I have used in this and the preceding paper. H. L. N.

RICHARD VAUX.

RICHARD VAUX, who died in Philadelphia on March 22d at the age of seventy-eight, was one of the most remarkable men that city has produced during the past half-century. As a citizen and as a public man he figured conspicuously in city affairs during all that time, and his own history is closely interwoven with that of Philadelphia.

Born of Quaker stock, Mr. Vaux inherited from his father, Roberts Vaux, an earnest interest in educational and penal affairs, and he early took up with the work in which his father made a name for himself. It was Roberts Vaux who was largely instrumental in establishing the present school system of Pennsylvania, and who succeeded in having remodelled the methods of punishment in the Eastern Penitentiary of that State on the plan of solitary confinement, his idea being that punishment was to be administered for corrective and reformatory purposes.

Richard Vaux received his education under the personal direction of his father, and was admitted to the bar when only twenty years of age. Three years later he was nominated by the Democratic party for the Legislature, and from that time he was almost continuously in the political field in the capacity either of candidate or of exhorter and leader. He was nominated for Mayor of Philadelphia in his twenty-sixth year, but it was not till 1856 that he achieved the purpose for which he persistently had striven meanwhile, and was chosen chief executive of his city. Previously he had been abroad, and had served as Secretary of the American Legation at London, having been intrusted with official papers by John Forsythe, Secretary of State under President Van Buren. While abroad he attended the coronation ceremonies of Victoria. He was present at the court ball upon that occasion, and it is said, though the story may be apocryphal, that there he danced with the Queen, an honor no other American ever enjoyed.

Upon his election as Mayor he made a vigorous attack upon the methods of city management, and the fulfilment of his plans laid the foundations for the present system of municipal government in Philadelphia. When he retired from the Mayor's office, at the end of his term, he gave his energies to urging the doctrines of his party while laboring constantly in work of a semi-public character. In 1890 he again came to the front in an official capacity, when he was elected to Congress to succeed Samuel J. Randall. Mr. Vaux's accomplishments in the political field were, however, perhaps not so notable as the results of his work in promoting popular education and in improving the methods of prison management. In fact, his study of penology, derived as it was from close observation of the criminal classes and their treatment in penal institutions during the fifty years and more which he served as Inspector of the Eastern Penitentiary, made him an authority of distinction on that subject. Mr. Vaux's character, despite his dogmatic ways and his liberal use of the most forcible language, was of sterling worth, and his honesty was never impeached even by the bitterest of those enemies which his fearless expression of the most radical views, political and otherwise, raised for him in numbers. A hatred of shams and an absolutely unassailable conviction of his own competency secured for him the confidence and respect of many, yet made him the mark for harsh criticism and reproach. It was this conviction of the rightfulness of his own ideas which led him into all sorts of eccentricities, the most noticeable of which had to do with his personal habits and dress. It was his proud boast that he never wore an overcoat or carried an umbrella. He had absolutely no faith in the medical profession, eschewed the theatres, and until recently made no use of the street cars. His sturdy figure, clad in frock-coat and dark trousers, with his powerful head, from which long curling locks fell over his shoulders, and his silk hat of peculiar style, made him a striking figure, and one with which nearly every Philadelphian was familiar from his frequent presence on the streets.

A NEW ADVANCE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE double-page illustration of an audience at the Metropolitan Opera-house, of New York, on the evening of March 21st, the occasion being the one-hundredth representation of Wagner's *Siegfried*, marks a great advance in photography.

It is the very first time that by photographic means the interior of a large theatre with its audience has been successfully taken by flash-light.

Photographers appreciate the many technical difficulties presented when lights are many, burning with a varied illuminating power, the uncertain effects of the shadows, with the dubious perspectives.

The photograph from which the illustration was made is the work of Mr. Ernest Marx, and is a flash-light print.

In taking this picture, the photographer used fourteen ounces of an inflammable mixture, so distributed over an iron frame that there was some thirty feet of lighting surface. The charges, thirty-five in number, were placed on an iron frame ten feet square. Back of the flashing apparatus were white card-board screens. The light thrown forward searched every crack and crevice of the auditorium, for not a ray of light was to be wasted. The camera was in the centre of the flashing frame, on the stage, some twenty feet back of the foot-lights.

The rapid ignition of a substance which would give out an intensely brilliant flash of light was required for the making of this picture. In other words, before 3500 people could appreciate the fact that they were being photographed the work had to be done.

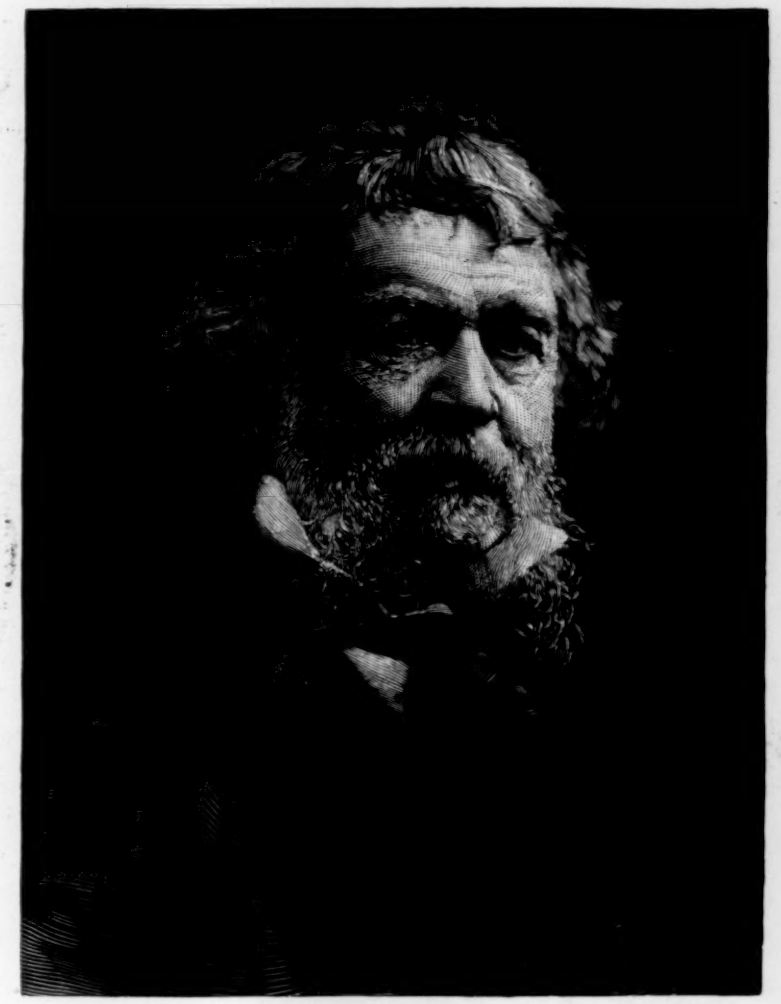
Under usual conditions the flash-light, or the material, is fired with a common fuse, and the compound thus ignited is comparatively slow in burning. Mr. Marx's compound, with magnesium as its basis, is made up of various substances. Fire this off in an approved manner, and ignition is instantaneous, or it all goes off at once, giving a maximum of light. Mr. Marx has recourse to electricity.

The first act of *Siegfried* having been concluded, then followed a presentation to the singer Alvary. For the second act in this opera there is an entire change of scenery. One minute was all the time the managerial direction could give the photographer.

Permission having been asked of the audience "to take its entire portrait," the curtain lifted, showing the camera, its surrounding frame, and the photographer.

Time allowed, one minute. Now sixty seconds is not a great deal of time, but really an age to an anxious photographer. The location of the camera had, of course, been determined. Focussing his lens, the ground-glass shade having been removed and deftly replaced by the sensitive plate (18 × 22 inches), the photographer made a signal to his assistant behind the scenes, under whose control was a battery with a power of 350 ampères and 10 volts.

Before the audience could say "Oh!" it was all over, and yet there was a lasting record of a vast concourse of people. Mr. Marx's calculation is that the flash took one-forty-fifth of a second, and that the efficiency of the actinic ray had a duration of one-eightieth of a second.



RICHARD VAUX.—PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.

RESIGNATIONS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET.

IN resigning his seat in the cabinet of President Cleveland, because his business interests demanded his attention, Mr. Bissell did nothing very singular. For one reason and another there have been a great many resignations from the cabinets of the Presidents of the United States, and many of them have had relation to business demands. No man can fill a cabinet office faithfully without neglecting all of his own business interests for those of the government. The honor attached to a cabinet position is attractive, but that attraction is exhausted for a man of ambition in a very few years unless the place which he holds is one in which he can distinguish himself with a view to future political achievements. The office of Postmaster-General is not one which would lead naturally to political glory. Sometimes the Presidents have transferred the men who held this position to some more distinguished office, like that of Secretary of War or Secretary of the Interior. But more than one-third of the Postmasters-General of the United States have resigned their offices before the expiration of their terms.

From the beginning of the government until 1876 there had been 207 cabinet officers appointed by the Presidents of the United States, and of these 77 had resigned their offices. Eight of the 27 Secretaries of State had retired from office prematurely, 12 of the 31 Secretaries of the Treasury, 12 of the 40 Secretaries of War, 13 of the 30 Secretaries of the Navy, 11 of the 27 Postmasters-General, 15 of the 38 Attorneys-General, 6 of the 14 Secretaries of the Interior. There was no Secretary of Agriculture before 1876, but that office would not enter into consideration anyway, for no one yet has resigned it.

Of the Postmasters-General, two resigned because of the death of a President. Whenever the Vice-President of the United States has succeeded to the Presidency by the President's death, the members of the cabinet have tendered their resignations to give him an opportunity to select his own advisers. In rare cases the new President has asked some of the old cabinet officers to remain. As a rule, he has chosen his heads of departments from his own political friends and advisers.

Montgomery Blair resigned the Postmaster-Generalship in Lincoln's cabinet because he was not entirely in accord with the President's policy. William Dennison, an appointee of Lincoln, resigned because he did not get on with Lincoln's successor. Marshall Jewell went out with Secretary Bristow, whom he had supported vigorously in his attack on the Whiskey Ring. R. J. Meigs, Jun., resigned because of failing health after a service of nine years. Samuel Osgood gave up office because the seat of Federal government was moved from New York city.

Men soon tire, as a rule, of the labor demanded by the government, with its accompaniment of nervous anxiety over the distribution of offices and the question of party policy in little things and great. Dissatisfaction with the drudgery of the office and its meagre rewards has led many men to retire from cabinet positions. Mr. Cleveland has been singularly fortunate in holding his cabinet together for two years.

G. G. B.

A PLAN THAT FAILED.

IT was in every sense one of the most prosperous business houses in the city, not only because its chief article — a breakfast cereal — was one of sterling merit, but because its methods of acquainting the public with that fact proved it to be a house that was conducted by men who understood the art of eccentric advertising in all its most delicate and subtle phases. They did not make it a point to call the attention of the public to the fact that Fattine was consumed entirely by crowned heads, fearing that they might waken the latent prejudices of all democratic people. They didn't say that Achilles and Orion would eat it if alive to-day, for fear of flying over the intellectual heads of people who might not be familiar with the classics. Nor did they herald its virtues in letters of electricity on the ebon bosom of the night. They knew very well by experience that their great chance of success lay in establishing their claim that Fattine was the staff of life used by the brawny, hard-muscled, twelve-dollar-a-week Spartan, with a wife and eight children to provide for. So they lit upon the novel plan of sending two men up Broadway side by side. One man stood over six feet high, and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. He bore upon his back and bosom the legend in great black letters:

I EAT FATTINE!

His companion was a man about five feet high, and weighed probably ninety-five pounds. He also wore a legend:

I DON'T!

As they walked up Broadway they were, considered collectively, the cynosure of all eyes. Such laughter had rarely been heard on Broadway before.

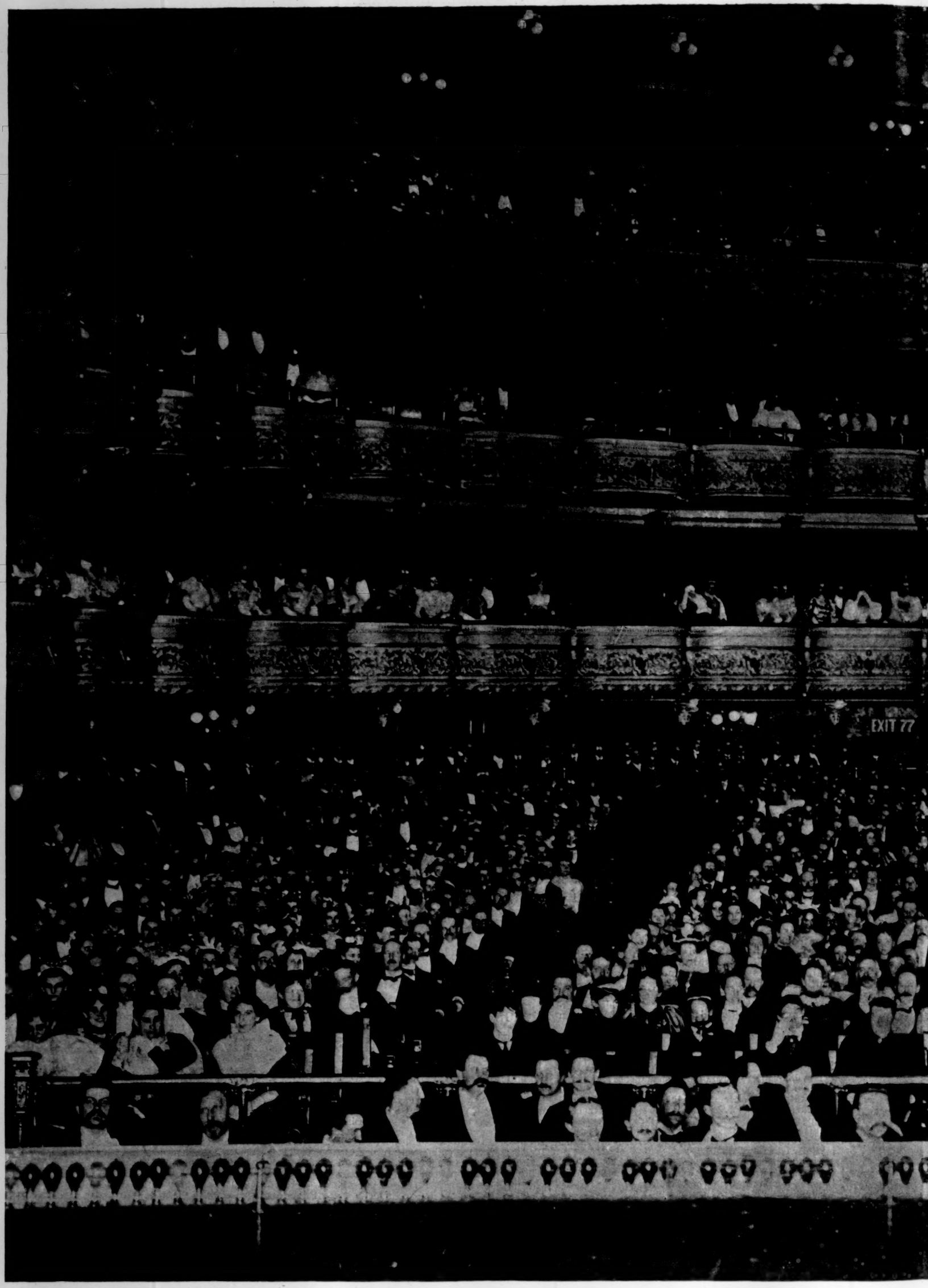
Many were the comments on the shrewdness of the advertisers in attracting public attention to Fattine, and many were the comments on the great moral courage of the two men who wore the signs lashed about their bodies. They were followed by a surging crowd that shouted and laughed, but still they plodded on, full of heroic resignation, and with the stolid determination to perform their duty according to the terms of the contract. If the proprietors of Fattine had been present they would have flapped their commercial wings with joy, and concluded that the wealth of the Indies was about to be bestowed upon them by a grateful world. But they were not there, and their peripatetic representatives, using their own judgment, left the crowded thoroughfare to take a mental rest on Church Street. Now the sidewalks on Church Street are very narrow, and on this day they were littered with great dry-goods cases awaiting shipment. Sometimes the big man would crowd the little man into the gutter, and would not listen to the latter's profane admonition to keep on the outside and make the signs read right. For the little man, with a keen sense of humor, realized that his companion represented the story of Fattine, while he was the *dénouement*, and that he thus bore the same relation to his companion that the tercets of a sonnet bear to the quatrains. Still the large man kept the walk, and crowded his colleague into the gutter, which was full of mud. This system of injustice was maintained until the little man who didn't eat Fattine lost his temper, and landed a blow on the chin of the giant, and sent him sprawling in the middle of the street. The large man was up in an instant, fanning the air with both hands; for the little man who didn't eat Fattine could not be reached. The only time the big man touched him was when his face encountered the knuckles of the little man, which filled the crowd with a delight little short of a benison.

When the big man finally was forced to give up the unequal contest, he said to his small friend, "What do you eat, anyhow?"

"Beefsteak and potatoes," replied the small man.

And when the proprietors of Fattine heard about it they dismissed them both, and resorted ever after to legitimate and dignified forms of advertising.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



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THE INTERIOR OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, N

FROM A FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY ERNEST MARX ON THE OCCASION OF MAX ALVARY'S 100TH APPE

E, NEW YORK, WITH AN AUDIENCE OF OVER 3500 PEOPLE.

Appearance in Wagner's "Siegfried"—The Largest Flash-Light Photograph ever made.—[See Page 323.]

OUR SEABOARD UNIVERSITIES.

BY DANIEL C. GILMAN.

SOME recent publications give the public, outside of college walls, the information requisite to understand the remarkable changes in our seminaries of higher education that have been in progress within the past few years, and at the same time to compare American with European universities.

The articles which appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY and MONTHLY upon Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia have been collected in a volume, which has just appeared. Each of the writers—Professors Norton, Hadley, Sloane, and Brander Matthews—knew well the story of his own college, and has told it well, so that in respect to this great "quadrilateral" of strategic points the world has data that are fresh and full. The topography and illustrations are most attractive, and it is safe to say that no bright boy can read these brilliant sketches of life within college walls without longing to become a participant in that fine combination of work and play, duties and pleasures, tasks and recreations, which is characteristic of our academic conditions at the end of the nineteenth century.

Lofty ideals are presented by each writer as he sets forth the claims of his own institution. Professor Norton says of Harvard, "To raise the standard of intellectual work in this country nearer to the highest level attained by it elsewhere.... is the chief problem which Harvard and other of our principal schools of learning are now engaged in solving." "The real vitality of a university.... depends upon the spirit with which it inspires its students." Of Yale, Professor Hadley says, "All the traditions.... work in the direction of valuing men for their character rather than their money or their antecedents." "There is a respect for work and a respect for unselfishness." The trend of Princeton, says Professor Sloane, is "towards the cultivation of aptitudes, and the creation of that small but precious aristocracy of scholars.... men who attain heights which serve as landmarks for the great mass of broadly educated men." In like spirit, and with perhaps even more enthusiasm, Professor Brander Matthews declares that the aim of Columbia, as a university, is "to guide its students in advanced work, and to train them in investigation." "The college should send forth men of culture; the university should take some of these men and carry their education further, and make each of them master of a specialty." These are very inadequate citations. But they indicate (as may be perceived on every page) that never in the history of this country have loftier aspirations been cherished or nobler efforts put forth in the domain of higher education. An English writer, Birbeck Hill, the latest biographer of Samuel Johnson, has made an elaborate study of the characteristics of Harvard. The Johns Hopkins University is described in a recent Parliamentary Blue-Book—one of its professors, Mr. Emmott, having given concise answers to more than three hundred questions proposed by the royal commissioners. All these sketches are much livelier reading and much more intelligible than the annual catalogues and reports which the institutions put forth with statistical brevity.

A capital treatise on the German universities by Professor Paulsen, of the University of Berlin, has been translated by Professor Perry of Columbia, and published with an introduction by Professor N. Murray Butler. In the pages of this book—especially if it be compared with Conrad's historical and statistical study of German universities—the reader may perceive how highly organized is the German university system, and why it contributes so much to the advancement of knowledge.

It is all the better that each of the American writers holds a brief for his own college. Colleges usually command the enthusiastic support of those who are connected with them, and this enthusiasm is contagious. "Every mountain is best," said Wordsworth, and "every dinner is good," said Thackeray, "that is, good of its kind." Every college is good that gives a thorough training in advanced studies and that contributes its iota to the progress of the world. Every university is good that prepares its students to help forward, each in his own way, the prosecution of research and the spread of science. Of course its staff and its sons should be loyal to its principles; and, on the other hand, if they are indeed liberally educated, they must admire and rejoice in all other signs of progress.

The publications now mentioned afford a good occasion for some general comments upon the condition of American universities, and especially upon those of the Atlantic seaboard. A distinction is made between "seaboard" and "inland" institutions only because the limits of this article preclude a complete survey. Every one is aware that the munificent foundations at Chicago and the wonderful successes at Ann Arbor are well worth our scrutiny. So is Cornell. So is Clark. So are two establishments in California, one of which bears the name of its benefactor and founder, the other the name of the State. It would take a volume of many pages to review the wide field that is occupied by the colleges and universities of the United States, north, south, east, and west.

One thing is obvious to every observer. The historic colleges on the Atlantic seaboard, those which were founded in the last century, hold their own. There is but a single exception, William and Mary, and its decline (now fortunately arrested) was largely due to the transmigration of interest from Williamsburg to Charlottesville. Harvard and Yale keep their precedence, and are worthy of the distinctions of primogeniture. Columbia, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania have shown of late years extraordinary vitality. Rutgers and Brown have lost nothing. Every college which Washington might have visited in 1775, as he went from Mount Vernon to the elm-tree in Cambridge, still lives in vigor. Their names are held in honor; their resources are enlarged; their numbers of teachers and scholars are increased; their good influences are greater every year.

The most noteworthy, certainly the most fundamental, change in these older institutions of the seaboard is this: a sharp distinction is now made between university and collegiate work, not exactly between universities and colleges (as the names are often confused), but between the discipline of undergraduates and the freedom of those who are fitted for higher studies. In the last generation there were but few opportunities in this country for special, advanced, or "graduate" work. For example, a Bachelor of Arts from Yale called on President Sparks at Harvard to ask what opportunities a "resident graduate" might find there. "He may hear Professor Agassiz lecture," was the reply, "and I believe Mr. Longfellow has a class in Dante." That was about all that Cambridge offered forty years ago. Yale could not give much more. Now and then some one was enrolled on the catalogue as a "resident graduate," and this seemed to imply that he had dignity without duties, and leisure without opportunity. Now the case is very different. Since the Johns Hopkins University, in 1876, consecrated a large part of its income to the encouragement of advanced post-graduate studies, the older institutions of the seaboard have developed the pre-existent germs into efficient schools for advanced work in literature and science. Americans will still go abroad, attracted by the renown of great teachers, or the advantages of the European capitals, or the opportunity to learn the oral use of French or German, but it is no longer necessary for them to do so. Libraries, laboratories, observatories, professorships, and scholarships are now provided in many places. The spirit of the university is here, and it is here to stay.

All this has been largely promoted by the liberality of individuals. Since the era of great fortunes began, in the time of the civil war, the era of munificent endowments has also been initiated. Scarcely any aid (except that which came from the so-called Agricultural College grants) has been received from the public treasury by any one of the historic colleges of the seaboard during the present century. Their resources are due to good financial management and the generous gifts of private citizens. There seems to be no limit to the bounty of the Americans toward scientific and literary establishments. The colleges have been proved to be safe, honest, wise administrators of all that has been intrusted to them. They receive, as the Church did in olden times, the tribute of their sons. They commemorate these gifts by tablets, portraits, buildings, and by bestowing donors' names upon funds, which are carefully invested and sacredly devoted. Harvard, more carefully than any other institution, presents to the public annually the debit and credit of every one of its endowments. For example, in his late annual report, the treasurer, Mr. Hooper, with a multitude of other items, gives a financial statement of the "Daniel Williams Fund for the Conversion of the Indians," and of the "Sarah Winston Fund for the Minister and Teacher at Tyngsborough, Massachusetts."

Great as the gifts have been to our seaboard colleges, their income does not equal the appropriations which are made by the Continental governments for the maintenance of their universities. A million of dollars is indeed a munificent gift, but its income is perhaps forty thousand dollars, and that may be easily expended in promoting one branch of learning, such as astronomy, physics or chemistry. It is not sufficient to maintain a library of the first rank as fully as it should be supported. The Pratt Public Lending Library in Baltimore has an income of fifty thousand dollars. So it is safe to express the hope, in the interests of learning, that the era of munificence has but just begun. The problems before mankind pressing for solution are innumerable; and but little progress can be made in their determination without large pecuniary outlays.

The benefactions which the colleges have received within the last generation have frequently taken the form of new buildings, and the external aspects of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania have been completely changed. Unfortunately, most of this new architecture may be termed spasmodic. Each building is put up with very slight respect for its neighbors. One is costly, one inexpensive; one is in this style, one in that; one is brick, and one in stone; one extremely plain, one rich in its ornamentation. The symmetry of classical architecture is wanting, and the beauty of Gothic adaptation is not often visible. Nevertheless, the College Street façade at New Haven, the Campus in Princeton, and separate structures like the Law School at Cambridge and the Harvard Memorial Gateway are admirable. Columbia now has a rare opportunity to construct its group of buildings on a plan well thought out, like the plans of "the White City," by a commission of qualified architects. If the Library building, of which the beautiful designs have been made public, can be constructed, as the centre of academic life, and if it can be surrounded with the symmetrical halls that have been projected, American collegiate architecture will make a great advance, and the city of New York will have a group of buildings as worthy of our metropolis as those in Vienna are worthy of that great capital, and as those in Athens, lately constructed by wealthy merchants, are worthy of that city.

The devotion to athletics shown in late years by the historic colleges of the seaboard has undoubtedly promoted manliness. Gymnasia, athletic fields, boats, later hours for rising, better food, and better sanitary arrangements have improved the physique of students. But close observers are already lamenting that mental gymnastics, literary contests, and scholastic exercises are undervalued by the undergraduate of the day. The excessive excitements of intercollegiate games have already aroused the hostility of public opinion, so that some existing usages will undoubtedly be modified before long. To perpetuate what is good and eliminate that which is objectionable in athletics are the problems that now confront both faculties and students.

There is one aspect of our seaboard universities which is only seen on the inside, and that is the good-will that subsists between the students and their instructors. Far greater familiarity is now allowed than would have been permitted in former years — and this familiarity does not breed contempt. On the contrary, it promotes genuine respect and affection. If the word "tutor" carried with it in days gone by the idea of a night watchman, the modern word "adviser" carries with it the idea of a friend.

With the material advancement of the colleges, and the attention to physical culture among the students, there is danger, doubtless, that the intellectual ideals of an education will be forgotten. It cannot be said too often that not money, and not sport, make a university. The university most worthy of honor, the university which in the long-run will do most for those who resort to its instruction, is that which advances knowledge, which perpetuates and interprets the noblest achievements of the human race, and which presents to youthful minds, persistently and attractively, splendid glimpses of the infinite mysteries by which mankind is surrounded, and of the amazing possibilities that are opened to well-trained thinkers.

THE DRAMATIZATION OF "TRILBY."

"AND they shall see nothing, hear nothing, think of nothing but Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!"

There is something of the fateful in the abundance of fulfilment allowed that threat, in the pursuing malignance of the creature who made it, in the post-mortem potency of his curse. When Mr. Paul Potter, commissioned to fashion a drama out of Du Maurier's immortal novel, sat down to study his book, the wizard Jew looked at him out of its pages, as he had looked out of the photograph at dying Trilby, and hypnotized the playwright. Now he is to throw his spell over the thousands who will crowd to Mr. Palmer's performances. It is the image of this incarnation of evil, gigantic, Mephistophelian, enormous in villany, for which all else is mere background in the play which was lately put upon the boards in Boston. From the moment he makes his entrance, snarling, cringing, hateful—a thing to spit upon and yet to fear—it is "I, and nobody else—I—Svengali—I—I—*I!*" His sinister figure dominates every scene; when he is not present his shadow is all but visible. When, grown truly, if villanously, magnificent in success, he comes to the great trial and display of his power, the heart leaps, knowing it the signal for the final joining of battle, at the cry, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy!" and when his fate overtakes him, every spectator realizes that the play is done. The dramatic Svengali is not out of the book, and yet he is altogether the Svengali of the book; absolutely congruous with his prototype, but magnified and made vivid. It is not that Mr. Lackaye gives an impersonation which is thrilling in its power; Mr. Potter has made Svengali the inevitable centre of his play.

Trilby does not appear. Trilby O'Ferrall—that is, the gay, the winsome, the pathetic idol of the Quartier Latin, whose compelling charm of sweetness and naïveté has won her the love of all pure men and the sympathy of good women—she is not here. There is a grisette, togged out for five minutes at the first in an army overcoat, with bare feet thrust into slippers, who sits cross-legged on a model-throne, and faintly calls up a name she does not identify. *Blanchisseuse de fin*, model for the altogether, essayer of "Ben Bolt," and what besides—any fear that this is Trilby disappears with the breaking up of the first scene. It is not a criticism of Miss Harned's quite admirable conception of an extremely uninspiring part to say that no one will mistake her for Du Maurier's heroine. Happily, Mr. Potter allows her no chance to become that. Trilby's loneliness and homelessness in the Quartier, the *bonne camaraderie* of the studio where respect ripened and love dawned, her shame, the letter, the interview with the Laird—all that is eliminated. Worst of all, this Trilby does not make the great life sacrifice which ennobles the real one; having passed her word to Mrs. Bagot, she breaks it, stays, joins an elopement plot, and is on the point of flying with her lover. When her friends have gone for the carriage the wizard appears, waves his hands, *makes* her write the letter of farewell, and carries her off. In her own character, she is a complete sacrifice to the necessity of enlarging Svengali; and for the rest, she is merely a hypnotist's unfortunate subject, with whom Little Billee has been fickle enough to fall in love.

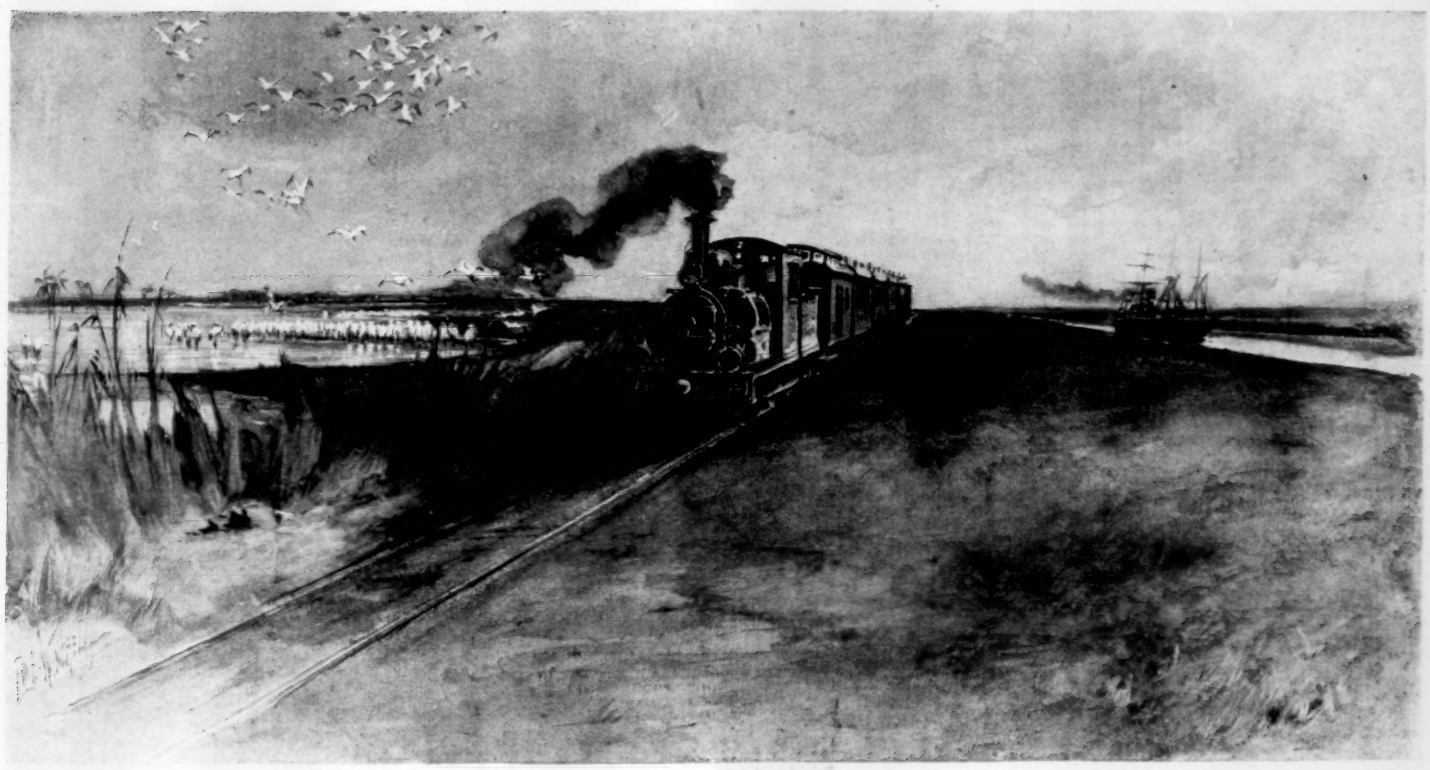
For Little Billee is here. Oh yes; and Taffy, and the Laird—three nice clean Englishmen—Taffy a perfectly American one, but all the better for that. It is a marvellous reproduction of Du Maurier's illustrations they are constantly giving, best of all in the "Tit-for-Tat" episode. But their work is not that of models for living pictures; by every vehicle of dramatic expression the dramatist and his interpreters give us the sentiment of that noble comradeship for which human hearts will forever go out in a glow of gratitude to the author of *Trilby*.

The dramatic version comes to its own in the third act —*cinq ans après*. It is questionable if the play itself justifies all the situations of the earlier scenes; some can be entirely comprehensible only to those familiar with the complete story. But here the author has boldly thrown off his literary hobbling, and has given us an act which is itself plausible, complete, and unquestionably thrilling. The several appearances of Trilby as a public singer are brought together into one. It is in Paris; and in a somewhat puzzling but necessary way, everybody happens into the foyer of the *Cirque des Bashi-bazouks*. Hither Svengali and his subject come to rest between the numbers; here occur the outbreaks of Gecko and the insult to Little Billee; here Trilby cuts her old friends. This incident is expanded. One after another the three plead with her for old times' sake, while her master, gripping his own failing heart, forces her to laugh, to sneer, to reply in detestable monosyllables, while he, through her, cuts them to their hearts. It is the strain of this that does the work for Svengali, for at the specially tender appeals he almost loses control of the unhappy girl; when she goes to sing, he does lose it. The fiasco ensues; an uproar arises, and the Jew lives long enough to realize his defeat and shame and fall. Nothing could be more dramatic than the return of indignant, half-awakened Trilby, to fall into the arms of Little Billee, and to ask gaspingly for the man who, screened by an instant, instinctive wall, within reach of her hand lies dead.

Here, by every critical and popular judgment, ends the play. Mr. Potter, however, has deemed it necessary to show in a fourth act Trilby's death, long drawn out. On its second presentation this was cut by half an hour; if the counsel of the wise prevail, it will be dispensed with entirely. Svengali gone, all interest has vanished. The best part of the incident of the photograph is strangely thrown away in the play; the picture does not come "out of the mysterious East," freighted with its spell, but has been casually and ingloriously bought downtown by Zou Zou.

The dramatization of *Trilby* opens anew the question of the relation of literary art and dramatic art. "Is there any doubt now as to whether there is a play in *Trilby?*" Mr. Palmer asked his first-night audience. There is no doubt, the audience was certain, and it was right. This is a strong dramatization from the book, but it is by no means a dramatization of it. If the literary charm, the reminiscent flavor, the more delicate and spiritual drama within the souls of the youth and the loving girl, *can* be translated for the stage, they have not been. Mr. Potter's play, nevertheless, is a popular and in the main an artistic success; it is a felicitous failure that in the title rôle he has put a quite new character. Our Trilby is left us, undimmed vision of days when the world was young, and life was full of love and sun and song—and sorrow.

W. B. H.



THE SUEZ CANAL AND THE RAILWAY.—Drawn by Edward E. Winchell.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE great waterway which pierces the Isthmus of Suez, and so joins the waters of the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, is at present unique as an appliance to facilitate the world's transportation. The idea of a Suez Canal was no new one when it was first propounded by the French engineer to whom is justly due the glory of the great undertaking. The natural features of land and water were such as to suggest to various great minds, at widely different periods, the desirability and feasibility of such a work.

The earliest proposal, indeed, was to connect the two seas by using the Nile as part of the chain of connection; 1400 years before the Christian era such a canal was planned and partly constructed by Seti, the Pharaoh of his day. Nekau (the Pharaoh Necho of Jewish history) revived and nearly completed it about the year 612 B.C.

The opening up of a practicable waterway between the Lower Nile and the Gulf of Suez was not finally accomplished, however, until the supremacy of the Greek dynasty of the Ptolemys, about two hundred years B.C. The canal ran from Bubastis (the modern Zitteb), on the most easterly branch of the Nile, till it tapped the Bitter Lakes, through which the Suez Canal is now conducted for a good many miles. This canal seems to have remained in use for more than a century, until the rapid failure of the Pelusiac Branch of the Nile led to its disuse. It was, however, reopened under the Emperor Trajan, some two hundred years later, and this time the canal itself was continued to a point on the river above the place where the failing branch diverged from the main stream of the Nile. Once more, and for the last time, the canal was reopened after the Moslem conquest of Egypt, towards the close of the seventh century A.D. It only remained open for traffic, however, for about a century.

These projects and attempts serve to show how natural was the suggestion which is now embodied in the Suez Canal; but it is apparent that they were all far in advance of the real needs of their time. It may even be fairly said that such a canal, hardly less than the railway of to-day, is the result of the application of steam to the methods of transportation.

The approach to the canal from the Mediterranean side, shown in our illustration of the steamer approaching Port Said, indicates one of the difficulties that had first to be dealt with in the construction of the great waterway from sea to sea. The breakwater on the right of the picture is a solid work constructed of huge blocks of concrete, which extends out to sea over the shallow water for a distance of 6940 feet from the shore. Another similar breakwater extends in a direction nearly parallel, but with a slight converging angle, to a distance of 6020 feet, thus forming an outer harbor about a mile and a quarter in length.

Port Said, which forms the background of the last picture, is in the left foreground of that which shows a steamship coaling on her homeward trip. In the extreme distance may be distinguished the light-house at the end of one of the breakwaters enclosing the harbor. The steamer which is lying off the most seaward point of the great sand bank on which the town of Port Said is built is consequently at the extreme limit of the canal on the Mediterranean side. There is extensive accommodation, including several wharves and docks, provided within the entrance basin of the canal, and it is there that, as a rule, the great ocean steamers trading with India, Australia, and China lie for the purpose of coaling. The process itself is of considerable interest at Port Said, as the mode of transport is nearly as primitive to-day as it would have been in the time of the Pharaohs. The flat barges shown in our picture alongside the steamer carry between three and four hundred tons of coal, which is put on board by purely manual exertion. Planks are extended from the barges up to the steamer's deck, and the fuel is carried in baskets up the inclined plane by rank after rank of very scantily clothed Arabs. Each basket is said to contain a hundred-weight, so the labor is no doubt severe, and the shouts, yells, groans, and exclamations with which the operation is conducted, and the labor diversified if not lightened, beggar description.

The town of Port Said, part of the canal-front of which is shown on the left of our picture, is a singular example of a modern Oriental town. Its hotels, gardens, stores, cafés, and bazars, even its court-house and barracks, speak of the civilization of to-day; yet there is a fine exotic and Oriental flavor clinging to it all. Only the mosque, the inhabitants, and the dirt of the purely native quarter remain impervious alike to the inroads of modern architecture and the requirements of sanitary science. The canal company's station belongs to the modern aspect of Port Said. The railway itself was a necessary work in connection with the construction of the canal. It runs almost along the bank of the canal, and as a means of transport for purely local purposes is of more importance than the canal itself.

One article of merchandise which is conveyed in considerable quantities by this line is the native cotton, which figures in our illustration with the primitive ox-truck employed in its transport by the natives. Oxen, indeed, divide with mules and asses the draught labor in Egypt. Draught-horses are almost unknown, while the camel is employed only in carrying goods on his back, and generally for longer distances.

The canal itself exhibits no objects of much pictorial interest throughout its course of nearly eighty-seven miles. Fortunately the isthmus presented no considerable inequalities of surface, such as those which have since proved so disastrous in the case of the Panama project. Its course, indeed, is not straight, but this is due rather to the water than to the land. The greater part of the length of the canal extends through a succession of shallow lakes, the actual distance through which solid excavation was made being less than thirty miles—about one-third of the entire distance traversed. It would be difficult to say, however, which was the less interesting from an artistic point of view—the dreary banks of reddish sand, shutting in the view from the upper decks of even the largest steamers, or the broad expanse of shallow water through which the deeper channel of the canal threads its way, indicated only by a long succession of stakes and buoys on either side.

The amount of traffic through the canal has of late years increased so rapidly that large works have been found necessary to keep pace with its requirements, both by widening and deepening the channel. It has become necessary to provide for the passage of steamers of 8000 tons, and also to arrange that they may pass one another at places in the canal only a short distance apart. These cross-stations are now frequent, and although their use involves a delay of more than half an hour under the most favorable circumstances, the passage of the canal, which at first occupied from two to three days, as a rule, is now completed in about sixteen hours. The increase of traffic was at once the cause and consequence of this greatly increased rapidity of transit, and it has been of a magnitude which has exceeded even the sanguine estimates of its projector, whose figures were laughed at by practical men in all parts of the world. The result has been reached gradually, indeed, for the total traffic during the first seven years only amounted to the passage of between seven and eight thousand vessels, of a total tonnage of about twelve and a half millions of tons, while that of last year alone is believed to have exceeded four thousand ships, of upwards of eight million tons.

Our illustration of Port Tewfik shows the railway station, which may be regarded as the central point of modern civilization in the town. Like all the neighborhood, the site of Port Tewfik is dry, and consequently barren; indeed, it would be impossible to find, and difficult to imagine, a district more desolate and arid-looking than that which hems in the Gulf of Suez. The force of situation has, however, been great enough in all historic times to locate a population in the vicinity, and the primitive Arab "dhow," shown in our picture, which to-day hawks fruit and vegetables alongside the steamers as they enter or leave the canal, is practically the same as when the Ptolemys opened the port of Arsinoe at the end of their Nile canal fully two thousand years ago.

The Well and Springs of Moses are situated at a point on the Arabian shore of the gulf about eight miles from Suez. Until very recently they supplied most of the water used by the modern inhabitants of the town of Port Tewfik.

The great depot, workshops, and edifices of the canal company are situated at the Suez entrance, and are very completely shown in our two pictures of Port Tewfik. No expense has been spared at this point to render the works as complete as possible, as well as to provide for the comfort and convenience of the officials and workmen of the company residing here.

THE SUEZ RAILWAY.

BY J. G. PANGBORN.

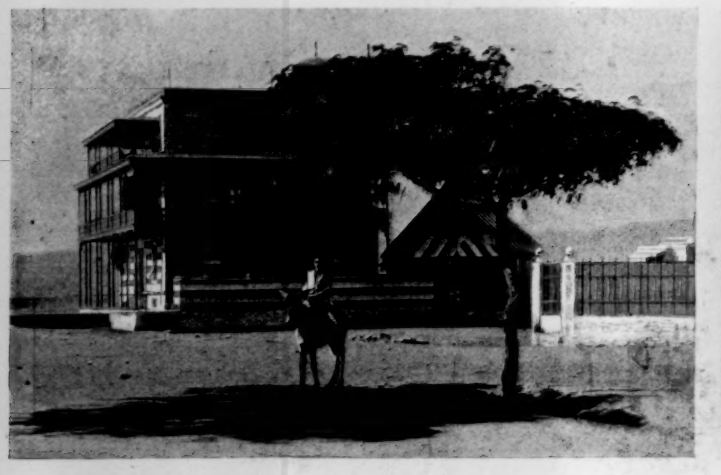
THE journey from Port Said, the western entrance to the Suez Canal, to Cairo, which formerly had to be made by steamship or launch to Ismailia, some fifty miles, or about half-way through the canal, and there taking train, is now possible the entire distance by rail.

A railway constructed upon the Latairge, or French, system, where there are no grades, and a level country to be traversed, has been completed from Port Said to Ismailia, and opened for traffic. It is of only two feet gauge, but well built of its kind, and will serve admirably for its purpose, that of a feeder to the Suez division of the Egyptian State Railways, and the obviating of the necessity of remaining upon shipboard for ten or twelve additional hours. The cars, or carriages, as they are termed in Europe, are quite comfortable, particularly the first class, which are on eight wheels—that is to say, on bogie trucks—have corridors which afford passage at will between compartments, and all the modern conveniences.

The trip from Port Said, although through the most barren of countries imaginable, is not devoid of interest, as the line follows the canal on the one hand, and for a long distance a lake, or inland backing up of the sea, on the other. There are always ships and various craft passing through the canal, and at times the scene is a most peculiar one, particularly when the sand bordering the canal is heaped up somewhat higher than usual, and a big ship on the surface of the water, which is not seen, appears to be majestically making her way over a desert. The effect of the sharp silhouetting of the masts, rigging, smoke-stacks, and huge hull against the wonderfully clear Egyptian sky is almost if not quite to double all the proportions, and in the imagination the vessel assumes the dimensions of an Atlantic liner.

The lake-side also has its attractions, especially to the sportsman, so numerous are the duck, the snipe, the geese, and the great white cranes. The last rise in very clouds as the train approaches, while in the distance the thousands upon thousands who are not disturbed cover acres upon acres of marsh as if a heavy snow-storm had fallen on the malaria-breeding expanse. Great bunches of duck dart up from unseen feeding-grounds and go whirling away; but the snipe, not so wild, simply flip their wings a couple of times and drop unconcernedly back in the shoal places.

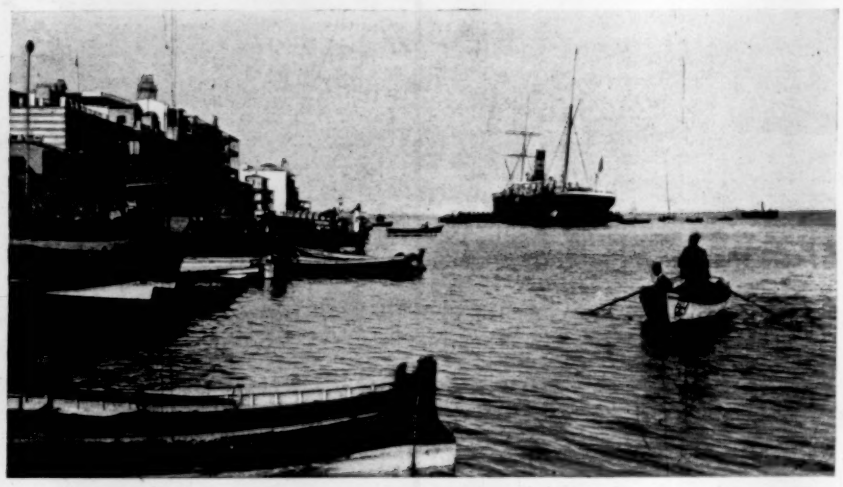
The trip by rail is pleasanter from every point of view, as well as far speedier, than that through the canal.



COOK'S OFFICE AND UNITED STATES CONSULATE, PORT TEWFIK, SUEZ.

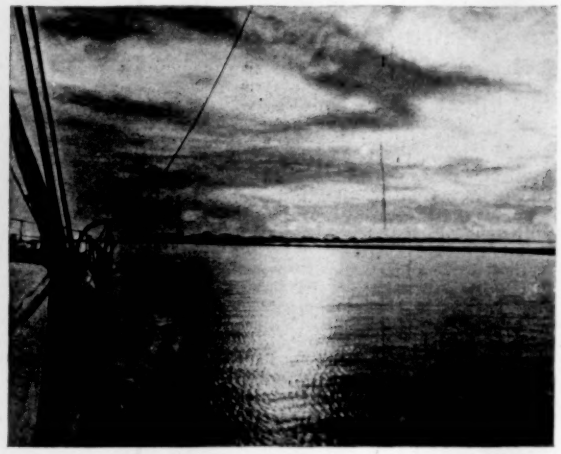
OFFICIAL RESIDENCES, SUEZ CANAL COMPANY, PORT TEWFIK, SUEZ.

SPRINGS OF MOSES.



COALING A HOMEWARD-BOUND SHIP.

NATIVE METHOD OF BRINGING IN COTTON TO THE RAILWAY STATION AT CHIBLENCA.



APPROACHING PORT SAID.

PANORAMA OF PORT TEWFIK, SUEZ, LOOKING SOUTH TO THE RED SEA FROM THE SIGNAL TOWER.
On the left, the Offices and Residences of the Canal Company; on the right, the Railroad and Ship Terminals.

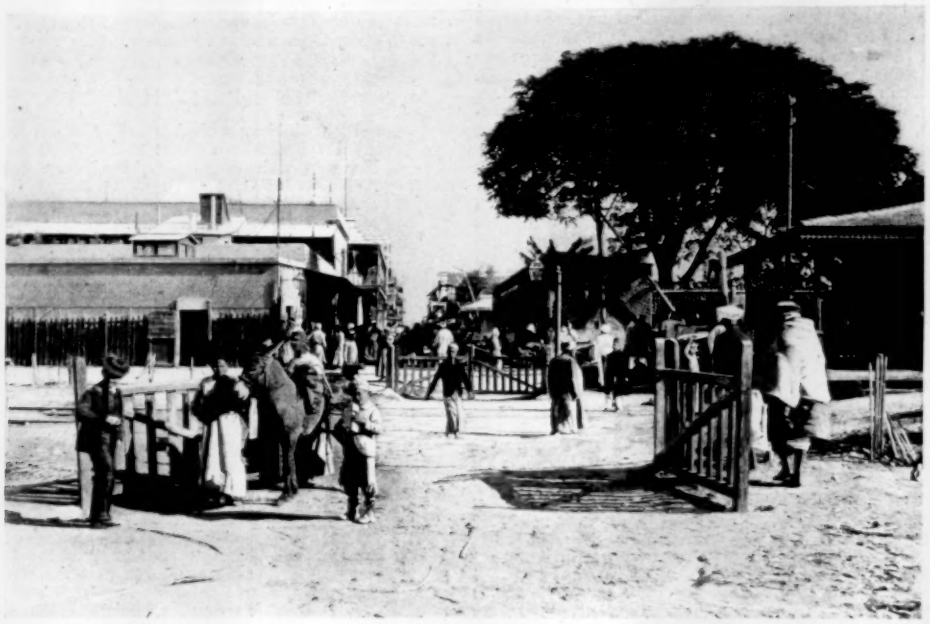
WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION ON THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

PANORAMA OF PORT TEWFIK, SUEZ, LOOKING NORTH.
Repair-Shops and Wharves of the Canal Company in the centre; Southern Entrance to Canal on the right; and the Town of Suez in the Distance on the left.

A SOUDANESE IN A "DUGOUT" CANOE.

NATIVE (ARAB) DHOW.

ANI-MUSA—THE WELL OF MOSES ON THE ARABIAN SIDE OF RED SEA, EIGHT MILES SOUTH OF SUEZ.



STREET CROSSING AT RAILWAY STATION, SUEZ.

BEDOUIN CHILDREN AT THE WELL OF MOSES.

THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY'S STATION AT PORT SAID.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION ON THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.—Photographs by W. H. Jackson.—[See Page 327.]

THE NEW CHIEF OF THE REVENUE MARINE.

CAPTAIN CHARLES F. SHOEMAKER, who has just been appointed Chief of Division, Revenue-Cutter Service, is the junior captain on the list, having only been promoted to his present grade on the death of Captain Shepard, late Chief of Division, whom he now succeeds.

In the thirty-one years, however, which Captain Shoemaker has spent in the Revenue and Life-saving services he has made a record for efficiency, thoroughness, and discretion which renders his appointment a just recognition of ability, and will commend it to the progressive officers of the service.

He was born in Glendale, Jefferson County, Iowa, March 27, 1841, and was a son of the late Captain William R. Shoemaker, of the army. His early life was spent at the various frontier posts to which his father was assigned, where, with slight educational advantages, by his own perseverance, and such assistance as he could obtain from his parents, he prepared himself so that by his seventeenth year he was able to enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis, to which he was appointed in 1858 from New Mexico.

He resigned during his third year, and entered the Revenue-Cutter Service, in which he was commissioned Third Lieutenant, November 20, 1860, and was attached to the cutter *Lewis Cass*, at Mobile, Alabama, when that State seceded from the Union in 1861.

The captain of the vessel turned it over to the State government, and entered the Confederate service; but Lieutenant Shoemaker, together with the other officers and the crew, remained loyal to the government, and made their way North. He served during the war in various vessels, on guard duty at the port of New York, and convoying vessels on the coast. In 1864 he resigned to engage in business, but in 1868 he was recommissioned a Lieutenant, and served until 1875 on the Atlantic coast, when he entered the office of the Inspector of the Life-saving Stations as Assistant. In 1876 he was appointed Assistant Inspector of the Third District, comprising the coasts of Rhode Island and Long Island. He completely reorganized this district, under the direction of the General Superintendent of the Life-saving Service, Sumner I. Kimball, to whose office in Washington he was transferred in 1878.

In 1882 he was detached, at his own request, and was assigned to duty as executive officer of the *Seward*, serv-

CHARLES F. SHOEMAKER.

ing in the Gulf of Mexico, but in 1885 he again found himself at his old post in the Life-saving Service, as Assistant Inspector of the Third District. Having once more put the district in a state of thorough efficiency, he was thereafter employed in the inspection of all the districts of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. For three years, during the illness of the Inspector, almost all of that officer's work devolved on Lieutenant Shoemaker.

In 1894 he finally left the Life-saving Service to take command of the *Washington* at New York. The following extracts from a letter written him at the time by Sumner I. Kimball, the General Superintendent, bear witness to the value of his work in that division.

"I cannot," wrote Mr. Kimball, "allow the occasion to pass without an expression of my personal and official regard for yourself and your services. . . . The duties of Assistant Inspector are always important, and oftentimes of very serious responsibility. In their discharge you have uniformly manifested great zeal and marked ability. I have never hesitated to intrust to you the most difficult cases requiring investigation, and have found your examinations thorough, your conclusions sound, and your recommendations impartial. The amount of important work you have accomplished proves your diligence, and the results, which have stood the test of time, establish the value of your judgment."

In 1893 Lieutenant Shoemaker was given command of the *Hudson*, continuing his station at New York. His commission as Captain, and the order directing him to report to the Treasury Department for duty as Chief of Division, came to him by the same mail.

THE NEW SPANISH MINISTER.

THE recent organization of a new Conservative ministry in Spain will doubtless involve many changes in the diplomatic corps of that country, and it is reported that all the important posts, with the possible exception of Berlin, St. Petersburg, and the Vatican, will be filled by new appointments.

Mr. Muruaga, the present minister from Spain to the United States, immediately on learning the political complexion of the new cabinet, telegraphed that his resignation would be forwarded at once, and promptly received word that it would be accepted, and that Mr. Enrique Dupuy de Lome would be named as his successor if agreeable to this government.

In view of the present unsettled condition of Cuba, the position of Spanish minister to this country is a peculiarly

ENRIQUE DUPUY DE LÔME.

delicate and difficult one to fill. It is part of his duty to prevent all shipments of munitions of war from the United States to the insurgent forces. This he can only do by demanding that the Federal government enforce the neutrality laws whenever information comes to him through the Spanish consuls or other sources that such shipments are to be made.

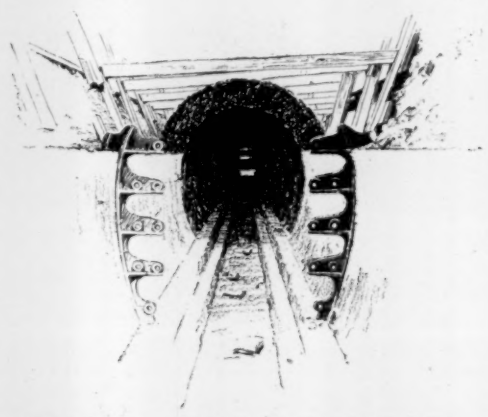
Owing to the cumbersomeness of the machinery necessary to be set in motion, and to frequent lack of co-operation on the part of the local authorities, rather than to any want of zeal on the part of the State Department, it has not always been possible to stop Cuban sympathizers here from lending aid and comfort to the rebellious subjects of Spain. This has been a source of great annoyance to Mr. Muruaga, and of much embarrassment to him in his relations with his own government, which has not always appeared to understand the difficulties under which he has labored. And the recent change in the Spanish government, although involving the overthrow of his own party, was doubtless not without its compensations in affording him relief from a situation of considerable awkwardness. Although it is possible that the strain under which Mr. Muruaga has been laboring may have led him to say things in regard to Captain Crossman's account of the *Alliança* affair that were not altogether to the liking of our State Department, no request, direct or implied, for his recall has been made by Secretary Gresham, as was reported.

Mr. de Lome, who will be *persona grata* to our government, has the advantage of having already served six months in the same capacity just previous to the appointment of Mr. Muruaga, whom he now succeeds, in turn, by another up and down in the seesaw of Spanish politics. Before his first appointment as minister he had been successively Secretary of Legation and Chargé d'Affaires in Washington. He speaks English fluently, and has many friends in this country. He was Chief of the Royal Commission of Spain at the World's Fair in Chicago—a post which was of especial importance in view of the prominent part taken by Spain in the discovery of America, and of that taken by a member of her royal family in its celebration.

Although still a young man, Mr. de Lome's entire training has been such as peculiarly to fit him for his present appointment; with the exception of a term as representative of the province of Valencia in the Cortes, he has since manhood been continually in the diplomatic service. He is expected to start from Madrid for Washington early in April, and in the mean time Mr. Muruaga will continue to discharge the duties of minister.

NIAGARA HARNESSED.

ON October 4, 1890, the Niagara Falls Power Company began the work of turning the vast power of Niagara to commercial use. At a point a mile and a half above the Falls a wide and deep lateral canal was constructed. This is 2000 feet in length, lined with heavy masonry, and pierced by numerous gateways. Through these water is conducted into wheel-pits, from which it is returned to the river-bed through a large tunnel. The installation



ELECTRICAL SUBWAY FOR TRANSMISSION LINES.

of the necessary machinery is now nearly accomplished. Already some $4,000,000 has been expended.

The water from the inlet is conducted into enormous steel pipes, called penstocks, down which it plunges 140 feet to the great turbines below, generating power that will be conveyed by shafting to the dynamos at the surface. As the column of water reaches the bottom of the pit it discharges upwards into the turbine, thus supporting the heavy wheels and the 140 feet of shafting, and then dashes on through the subterranean passageways that lead to the main tunnel.

The tunnel is a marvel of successful engineering, and represents an expenditure of $1,250,000. In shape it resembles a horseshoe, and is 21 feet high, and from 14 to 18 feet in width. It is nearly 7000 feet long, and lies 200 feet below the surface of the earth. It is lined with from four to six courses of brick, and its sides for the last 100 feet are protected by heavy steel plates, strong enough to resist for centuries the abrasion of the water. From head to mouth it has a downward pitch of about 50 feet, the water rushing through it at a velocity of nearly 30 feet per second, and emerging into the river some 40 feet beneath the level of the stream. Its discharge will generate 100,000 horse-power. Other tunnels will be constructed whenever demanded, and the number of wheel-pits can be extended to meet the utmost requirements.

Above the massive turbines is built the power-house. Here are the dynamos, by far the largest ever constructed.

The plans of the Niagara Company look to the ultimate generation of half a million horse-power. This almost inconceivable energy would be more than sufficient to run all the machinery in the State of New York. But long-distance transmission, the success of which, in view of recent experiments, is now assured, will afford them a far wider field for the distribution of power. It is, of course, as yet uncertain to just what distances electric energy can be profitably transmitted, but the area of successful operation will not be a narrow one.

One effect of the development of practically unlimited power at the Falls will probably be to make the Niagara frontier one of the world's great manufacturing centres. Many manufacturing establishments are now springing up in the neighborhood of the power company's works; the Niagara Junction Railway line has been constructed for their accommodation; a model village for the residence of workmen is being prepared.

It is expected that the Cataract General Electric Company will soon draw upon this source of supply for many thousand horse-power, to be utilized for purposes of canal propulsion, and to afford power, light, and heat to the cities and villages that lie along the line of the New York Central Railroad and the Erie Canal. This organization has a contract with the Niagara Power Company authorizing it to distribute the electric output outside of the counties of Erie and Niagara.

Negotiations are now pending for the transmission to the city of Buffalo of an initial current of 10,000 horse-power.

On April 2d the largest and most complete alternator ever constructed was put in motion, and its electric energy sent broadcast. The experimental period has passed, and now there only remains the utilization of this mysterious force in every department of business.

IN APRIL-TIDE.

BE ye in love with April-tide?
I' faith in love am I!
For now 'tis sun and now 'tis shower,
And now 'tis frost and now 'tis flower—
And now 'tis Laura laughing-eyed,
And now 'tis Laura shy.

Ye doubtful days, oh, slower glide!
Still frown and smile, O sky!
Some beauty unforeseen I trace
In every change of Laura's face.
Be ye in love with April-tide?
I' faith in love am I!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE late Sherlock Holmes came as near as a departed spirit can come to playing an active part in the almshouse conspiracy trial in Milwaukee on March 19th. An important witness against the accused in the case was Miss Northrop, a stenographer, who identified page 28 of certain specifications as one of six copies of that page typewritten by her for a stranger who came to her office. At the preliminary examination she identified it by the ink and other tokens, but at the trial she pointed out that the capital "U" in the copy was slightly broken at one end, and that the upper right-hand corner of the "I" was worn away, and that all the writing done by her machine showed the same peculiarities. When the lawyer asked her why she had not disclosed these points before, she said that she did not know of them when her former testimony was given, but that since that time she had read Dr. Doyle's story called *A Case of Identity*, and had got some new ideas about the peculiarities of type-writers. Close examination of the work of her machine had shown these little defects, which marked all its work. So from that gully in the Alps where the unfeeling Doyle abandoned him the indomitable Holmes stretches his hand across the sea and promotes the ends of justice.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow complains to the *Critic* of a passage in a review in that journal of his book, *The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser*, which seemed to imply that the illustrations drawn for the book by Mr. Remington had been based on photographs. Mr. Bigelow says that he has seen other eminent artists whom he has travelled with make illustrations from photographs which were highly successful, but that the pictures in question were sketched directly from life, and that Mr. Remington took no camera with him on his tour with Mr. Bigelow in Russia. The *Critic* disclaims the suggestion which Mr. Bigelow im-

putes to it, and says it meant nothing more than that Mr. Remington's ideas of drawing horses seem to be based on instantaneous photographs of the horse in motion. No doubt they are, and doubtless Mr. Remington is prepared to maintain that they could not have a more legitimate foundation.

Mr. Whistler is having magnificent success in the gentle art of making enemies, which he practises with such fervent zeal. The courts have decided against him in the suit lately brought by Sir William Eden, and directed him to restore and deliver Lady Eden's picture, and to pay costs and damages for the delay in delivery. It would appear that the check for the picture, sent by Sir William Eden, and scorned by Whistler as insufficient, was not returned by the artist, but was duly cashed. Mr. George Moore, who has been mixed up in the dispute as an intermediary, wrote a letter to a London newspaper saying that when he accepted a check for a piece of work he always felt bound to deliver the work paid for, and that he thought Whistler was properly subject to the same obligation. This letter would seem to be the basis of the challenge which Whistler is reported to have issued to Mr. Moore, and which, it is to be presumed, will have no result except to promote the artist's inward satisfaction, and to interest the public. Mr. Whistler likes to keep in hot water, and likes to keep the water as near the boiling-point as possible. His ingenuity in promoting his personal comfort in this respect is worthy of his varied talents.

Two new post-offices have been named "Trilby." One is in Franklin County, Ohio; the other, Schuyler County, Illinois. There may be more, for word comes from Washington of petitions received at the Post-office Department from all parts of the country asking to have new post-offices named after Du Maurier's protracted heroine. The most unexpected people in the most unexpected places seem to fall just as much in love with Little Billee's sweetheart as the folks who dwell in big towns and pride themselves upon their discrimination. What a soft-hearted, susceptible creature the American is!

A bill was passed by Congress last December appropriating $75,000 for the acquirement of three thousand acres of land comprising the battle-field of Shiloh, to be held as a National Memorial Park, like those at Gettysburg and Chickamauga. On April 5th, 6th, and 7th there will be a reunion at Shiloh of survivors of the battle from all the armies engaged. This meeting of Federal and Confederate veterans, preliminary to the establishment of the park, will undoubtedly be of great interest, and is expected to be one of the largest reunions of the sort that has been held.

The Shiloh Battle-field Association, to the efforts of which the park will owe its existence, is composed of soldiers of the armies of the Tennessee, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, all of which were in the battle. Its officers include General John A. McClernand (president), Colonel E. T. Lee (secretary), Dr. J. W. Cole (treasurer), all of Illinois; and among its vice-presidents, General Joseph Wheeler of Alabama, General Lew. Wallace, Colonel William Preston Johnston of Louisiana, General D. C. Buell and General Basil Duke of Kentucky, General B. M. Prentiss of Missouri, General R. J. Oglesby of Illinois, General J. R. Chalmers of Tennessee, and General A. D. Cook of Colorado. General McClernand, who is eighty-three years old and has lately been ill, will not be able to attend the reunion, but most of the other distinguished officers are expected to be present. Colonel William Johnston, who will be there, is a son of General Albert Sidney Johnston, one of the Confederate generals in command at Shiloh, where, as will be remembered, he was killed while leading a charge.

Twenty thousand dollars were set aside by Congress for the dedication of the park, which will take place in September.

There can be little doubt as to what the admired Chimmie Fadden must have said when he heard of the recent services of the Society of the Colonial Wars in the State of New York, on March 24th, in St. Paul's Chapel in commemoration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the departure of the New England troops for Louisburg. Undoubtedly Chimmie said, "Wot t'ell!" and, indeed, that view at first blush does seem excusable if not absolutely warranted. To have an elaborate religious service in New York, conducted by a dozen of the most eminent of the Episcopal clergy, including two bishops, in honor of the setting out of a Colonial war expedition from New England 150 years ago, is not unlikely to impress ignorant persons as an expenditure of misdirected energy. Nevertheless, a little historical and other knowledge makes it all clear. The anniversary fell on Sunday, therefore the celebration naturally took an ecclesiastical turn, as was the more fit, because the expedition itself had a strong religious turn imparted to it by George Whitefield, who was urgent in advocating it, and by divers pious New-Englanders, who hailed it as an onslaught against a stronghold of papacy. It was fit to be remembered on its anniversary because it was a great, memorable, and completely successful expedition, followed by important consequences. The New York society had a right to celebrate it because New York had an interest in it to the extent of £3000 of money, eighteen guns, and some provisions. It is well that there should be these societies to jog the public memory from time to time and to revive our consciousness that we are a great people with a history, and that we have not gained all we possess without having forbears and putting them to a good deal of trouble and expense.

There are grounds for hope that the living-picture ailment which has prevailed so long is about to be eliminated from public notice. So far as it had to do with the nude in art it never had anything to recommend it except its skittishness, and that in a notorious case has lately been carried to such a nauseating length as may happily result in the collapse of the whole industry. If the various living pictures could be made to realize how very much handsomer they look in their clothes than out of them, it might be helpful in persuading them to earn their bread in some less eccentric form of business. But persuasion or public opinion or police supervision is ordinarily a better means of regulating such matters than legislation. A bill was introduced last week at Albany prohibiting any woman from appearing in public in tights. Unless such a bill was worded with almost impossible discretion it would prohibit too much, and the opera would lose its ballet, and various shows that have come to be common and innocent would be prohibited. The censorship of the police and the newspapers ought to be strict enough to protect the public morals. If it has grown too lax, it would be better to stiffen it somewhat than to rely on legislation too sweeping to be enforced.

E. S. MARTIN.

Trilby.

If Trilby, idol of the hour,
Could make the soul rejoice,
And sway hearts with the magic power,
And beauty of her voice,
She might have charmed both, don't you
(Let critics sneer and carp) [see
Ten thousand times as quick, if she
Had used *The Autoharp*.

Autoharps range from $1.50 to $150. Send for illustrated catalogue, "How the Autoharp captured the family."

Alfred Dolge & Son, 121 *E. 13th St., New York.* —[*Adv.*]

MISS KATE FIELD

Editor and owner of *Kate Field's Washington*, of Washington, D. C., a paper devoted to the cause of temperance, stated in a recent speech that the prohibition laws, as enforced in the several States, were not promoting the temperance cause, and her advice would be to make a moderate allowance of mild beverages. In her estimation this would help the temperance cause more than prohibition laws. Miss Kate's head is level, and as to mild drinks we recommend Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association's Beer.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

USE DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the renowned appetizer, of exquisite flavor.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Stop that Cough!

It may lead to serious consequences. Cough remedies will not do it, because it means more than a simple cold. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will do it, and at the same time will build up and fortify the system against further attacks.

We are putting up a 50-cent size for just these local difficulties. For ordinary Coughs and Colds that quantity will doubtless cure. If it is deep-seated it may require more.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

Pears'

Can I afford to use it?

Yes; you can't afford not to; but that is not the reason for using it.

4,000,000 Fitted

Four million women are comfortable
Four million women look well
Four million women are wearing

Dr. Warner's Coraline Corsets

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

—:o:—

You can leave Grand Central Station, the very centre of the city,

For Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, in a magnificently equipped train,

Via the New York Central, The Great Four-Track Trunk Line.

Trains depart from and arrive at Grand Central Station, New York,

Connecting the East and West, by the New York Central Lines.

Chicago is only 24 hours away; Cincinnati, 22; St. Louis, 30.

Eleven through trains each day. Practically a train every hour, via

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

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PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.

When nervous irritable or worried try VIN MARIANI

THE IDEAL TONIC.

"'Vin Mariani' is exquisite, nothing is equally efficacious and soothing. I heartily recommend it to all who require a calming tonic." Henri Marteau.

Mailed Free.
Descriptive Book with Testimony and Portraits OF NOTED CELEBRITIES.

Beneficial and Agreeable. Every Test Proves Reputation.

Avoid Substitutions. Ask for 'Vin Mariani.' At Druggists and Fancy Grocers.

MARIANI & CO.,

PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford Street. 52 W. 15th St., New York.

No Flies IN A HOUSE

WITH OUR

WIRE SCREENS

SPECIALTY: SCREENING HOUSES TO ORDER

WE PAY FREIGHT. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Largest Factories in the World

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., PORTLAND, ME.

OFFICES IN ALL LARGE CITIES.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against all disorders of the Stomach, and an appetizer.

Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

GOLDEN AGE CHAMPAGNE.

Produced by the French or natural process of fermentation in bottle. Highest award at Columbian Exposition.

If you cannot obtain it of your dealer, order direct of

THE HAMMONDSPORT WINE CO., HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.

A MAN-OF-WAR IN A FORT.

To the popular mind war-ships are navigable batteries, and the idea of a vessel of that sort being planted within a fort is novel—at least to us Americans; but such, however, was the case with the U. S. S. *Petrel* and H. M. S. *Firebrand* last winter.

New Chwang is a Chinese treaty port in the province of Leao-tong, Manchooria, situated on a branch of the Leao River, near the Gulf of Pe-chee-lee, with an estimated population of 60,000—now largely augmented by missionaries from the interior—and is directly in the way of Chinese troops passing to the front.

Fearing violence from the fleeing and disbanded element of these soldiers, the foreign residents petitioned their respective governments for protection, and in response the American and the English ships were sent there.

The neighborhood is subject to intense cold, zero not being unusual, and ice of great thickness forms in the river, closing it to navigation generally from the first week in December until after the middle of March. Before and after this period the ice, in large masses of huge blocks, sweeps down with great rapidity and force through the channel, which narrows near the town, so that vessels have been sunk at their moorings. Consequently it is necessary to place the shipping in dry-docks, which are dug in the Bund, as the water-front embankment is termed.

The *Petrel* arrived early in November, and at once preparation was made for her winter's duty. A dock was dug for her, the walls being cut perpendicular to the bank, and the sill, or entrance ledge, was cut down to low-water mark. The tide here has a rise and fall of from eleven to twelve feet. The vessel, which has a mean draught of eleven feet seven inches, was towed, not without considerable difficulty, into the basin at high tide by the aid of several hundred coolies pulling at the hawsers. Once in, a double row of pilings was driven in across the entrance, and then covered with matting and filled in with dirt, and sealed at low tide, the vessel in the mean time being shored up to hold her vertical as the water receded, leaving the place nearly dry when closed.

Mud fortifications were then thrown up, which hardened rapidly under the action of frost, and over the dismantled ship a housing of matting was spread. Fighting-tops were built on the main and fore masts, the walls were armed with field-guns, while the two forward 6-inch guns commanded the town and offered protection to the towns-people.

The *Firebrand* lies to the left of the *Petrel*, in a similar condition, and is likewise a menace to plundering soldiers and camp-followers. The sketch shows the *Petrel* as she appeared in the early part of February.

COLLECTING NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE prospect that Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., that author made famous so recently by his writings on the subject of the sea power in history, will be put at the head of the Naval Intelligence Bureau at Washington gives additional interest to that obscure but important institution. The Naval Intelligence Bureau has been in existence since 1882, but little is known about it outside the Navy Department. This obscurity is due to the fact that the business of the bureau is almost wholly with other bureaus and officers of the department. It transacts very little business with the world at large, and it communicates directly with very few people outside the service. It is essentially a secret institution.

The Naval Intelligence Bureau is modelled on the news-collecting agencies of foreign navies. Having their example as a guide, it has been able to accomplish a great deal in the thirteen years of its existence; but the collection of information is necessarily slow work. It is not sufficient to have the published works of foreign and domestic authors on naval subjects. It is not enough to have the files of technical papers and the official reports of foreign governments on naval matters. The most important feature of a naval intelligence bureau is its collection of facts based on the personal observations of those in active service. New conditions arise in naval circles every day. New devices are invented or old devices are put to new uses. The officers of the United States navy act as the collectors of all intelligence concerning these matters both at home and abroad. They send to the Navy Department not only what they see but what they think. Their observations are filed secretly in the Intelligence Bureau for reference if the conditions which they discuss should ever puzzle the Secretary of the Navy. In this way there is created a permanent record of the experience of other nations in naval affairs, to be used as a reference by our own navy in case of emergency.

Much of this information comes from the naval attachés at our embassies abroad. We have naval attachés at Vienna, Paris, Berlin, London, Rome, St. Petersburg, and, on occasions, at other capitals. These officers, who are of the regular service, assigned to this special duty, do not confine their observations to the posts at which they are stationed. If any naval movements of importance are in progress anywhere within reasonable travelling distance, they are expected to witness them, and to report on them to the Secretary of the Navy.

In addition to the information which comes from these naval attachés, observations are recorded by Intelligence Officers on all our vessels. Observation and comment are not confined to the officer specially assigned to this duty, but all officers are encouraged to write out the result of their observations if they are original and of possible value to the service. When a war is in progress special observations are taken, and every movement of the opposing forces is recorded, as accurately as possible. No detail observable escapes. The handling of ships, the working of guns, the landing of forces, the engagements on land, are recorded with such criticism and comment as the judgment of the observers dictates. As a result of these observations by our naval officers, the Naval Intelligence Bureau has published already interesting notes on the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, the operations of the French navy in the war with Tunis in 1880–81, the Chilian revolution of 1891, and the Brazilian revolution of recent memory. The Navy Department is accumulating now a stock of information about the operations of the Japanese fleet in Chinese waters, and will publish a book on the Chinese-Japanese war as soon as it is possible to put the information together after the conclusion of the terms of peace.

No one has access to the records of the Naval Intelligence bureau except the officers of the navy; but the publications of the Bureau are public property, and so far as a limited edition will go they are put in general circulation. One who has had the profitable experience of Captain Mahan in naval authorship should be able to raise these publications to an even more interesting level, and to make them of much more general value.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Last year we commenced an elaborate plan of advertising, but before we were half through, **OUR ADVERTISEMENTS DISAPPEARED.** Why? Because **WE WERE OVERWHELMED WITH BUSINESS.** There was but one thing to do; withdraw the advertising and devote every energy to filling the orders with which we were flooded. This we did, and handled with reasonable promptness a most unprecedented year's business.

WITH ENLARGED FACTORIES, INCREASED FACILITIES, AND TWENTY BRANCH HOUSES FROM WHICH TO DISTRIBUTE OUR GOODS, WE CAN NOW CARE FOR ALL WHO COME. Last year we could not reduce prices because we were compelled in some way to limit the demand for Aermotor goods. We would have been satisfied with lower prices, but why create a demand which we could not supply? We have made the heaviest purchases of steel and material bought in America this ye.., and at unprecedented prices, and have made terms to dealers which enable them to make unprecedented prices.

In quality, character, variety, finish, and accessibility to full stock of goods and repairs, we are without competitors. In our plan of advertising last year, we proposed to furnish a feed cutter under certain conditions for $15. For reasons stated above we did not complete the advertising, and the feed cutter was not put out. We now propose to make amends in the following manner: We will announce in this paper our **NEW ALL-STEEL VERY SUPERIOR FEED CUTTER, WORTH**

$40 at $10

cash with order, f. o. b. Chicago. Only one to one person, he to furnish addresses of ten neighbors who ought to have something in our line. Cut, description and full information regarding it will appear soon.

We especially desire to caution you against paying excessive prices for windmill outfits. The temptation on the part of the dealer to overcharge is great. $10 added to the legitimate price is $10 clear profit to the dealer. To be sure that you get the proper price and article, write us of your needs and you will be protected. We are, and always have been believers in low prices. Because of the prodigious output of our factories we are enabled to have special tools for each piece, and thus reduce the hand labor on it to merely picking the material and laying it down again. So small has become the cost of labor put on the material which we sell that it is not worth mentioning. We have become the largest dealers in the material, of course, be- material in the country; ing made up in the form of steel galvanized-after-com- pletion windmills, towers (tilting and fixed), tanks, pumps, etc., To such an extent has this become true, and to such an extent has the price of our goods (and on that account the volume of our business ren- dered competition impossible), that **FOUR LARGE WINDMILL CONCERNS ARE BUYING THEIR TOWERS OF US THIS YEAR. THEY DO IT BECAUSE WE MAKE THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE AND SAFE TOWER; BECAUSE THEY CAN BUY OF US CHEAPER THAN THEY CAN BUILD; BECAUSE WE ALONE ARE PREPARED TO GALVANIZE EVERYTHING AFTER IT IS COMPLETED, AND COMPLETE EVERYTHING EXACTLY RIGHT.**

These concerns are wise, for, even though they may not furnish the best of wheels, the wheel will have the best of supports. Send to us your name and address, and those of your neighbors who may need something in our line, and thereby do them a good turn. The Aermotor Co. is one of the most successful business enterprises which has been launched in recent times. In succeeding advertisements will be discussed and made clear the lines on which that success has been worked out. It was done by a farmer's boy. A careful following of these advertisements may suggest to some other farmer's boy a career.

Aermotor Co., 12th, Rockwell & Fillmore Sts., Chicago.

GOLD SEAL = = CHAMPAGNE

EXTRA and SPECIAL DRY.

URBANA, · · · N. Y.

LAUTIER Fils

OLIVE OILS

Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. Only gold medal ever obtained.

Geo. Lueders & Co., N. Y., Wholesale Agents.

OLD FOLKS' PAINS

Full of comfort for all pains and weaknesses of the aged is the **Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster**, warming, soothing, strengthening.

Asthma The **African Kola Plant**, discovered in Congo, West Africa, is Nature's Sure Cure for Asthma. **Cure Guaranteed or No Pay.** Export Office, 1164 Broadway, New York. For **Large Trial Case, FREE by Mail**, address **KOLA IMPORTING CO., 132 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

MONARCH

King of all Bicycles.

TRADE-MARK.

Five Styles. Weights, 18 to 25 Pounds.

Prices, $85 and $100.

MONARCH CYCLE CO.

Factory and Main Office, Lake & Halsted Sts., Chicago.
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The C. F. GUYON Co., Ltd., Managers.

H. C. CURTIS & SONS

Colossus

TRADE MARK

SOLD BY FURNISHERS 25¢

FACTORIES TROY, N.Y.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by my **INVISIBLE** Tubular Cushions. Have helped more to good **HEAR**ing than all other devices combined. Whispers heard. Help ears as glasses do eyes. **F. Hiscox, 853** B'dway, N.Y. Book of proofs **FREE**

SEND For Catalogue of the Musical Instrument you think of buying. Violins repaired by the Cremona System. C. STORY, 20 Central St., Boston, Mass.

REMINGTON BICYCLE

STANDARD of EXCELLENCE

You Can Depend Upon It.

Light, yet most durable—an "Up to Date" bicycle in every respect—many improvements exclusively Remington—science and art combined to make a perfect wheel—endorsed by experienced riders.

Prices, $100, $90, $75, $50.

Send for Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue, giving full particulars——Free.

Remington Arms Co.,

313 and 315 Broadway,

Factories: Ilion, N. Y. **New York.**

THERE IS A "BEST" IN EVERYTHING—

A Revolution

of the wheels of a

"The Yellow Fellow."

"Stearns"

bicycle carries you over the ground with less effort and more speed than any other wheel. Why? Less friction.

Before buying a bicycle do us the favor of sending for our catalogue, and name of nearest agent. You should at least see a "Stearns."

E. C. STEARNS & CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

New York City and Brooklyn Agents, Bidwell-Tinkham Cycle Co., Broadway & 59th Street, N. Y.

Kombi Camera **$3.50**

Makes a picture this size, square, round, or fancy shape. Takes 25 pictures in one loading, snap shot or time exposure. The size of the Camera is 1¾x2 inches; weight, 4 ounces; carry in your pocket. All metal, silver-bronze finish. The Kombi, complete, $3.50. Strip of film (25 exposures), 20 cents extra. Cost of developing roll of film, 15 cents; cost for printing, 1 cent for each picture. Any boy or girl can use it. Every instrument guaranteed. Indestructible. If not for sale by the dealer sent post-paid on receipt of price.

Branches—LONDON: 36 Oxford-st., W. BERLIN: 10 Taubenstrasse, W.

ALFRED C. KEMPER
208 LAKE STREET, CHICAGO

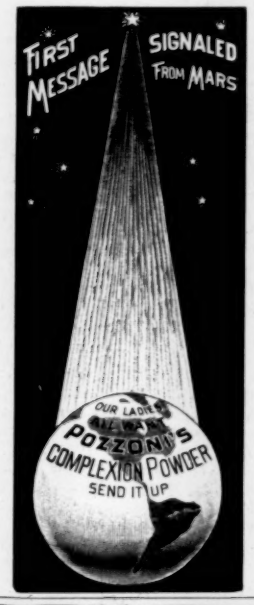
The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE.

POUDRE DE RIZ. — **CH. FAY,** *Inventor*

9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY.



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AS EASY TO LIGHT AS GAS.

Sold by Leading Dealers everywhere. Made by

BRADLEY & HUBBARD MFG. CO.,

MERIDEN, CONN.

New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia.

Our Little Book Free.

BRILLIANT LIGHT **DOUBLE CENTRE DRAUGHT**

An Historical Masterpiece

SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED.

COMPLETION OF GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY. A Short History of the English People. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN. Illustrated edition. Edited by Mrs. J. R. GREEN and Miss KATE NORGATE. In Four Volumes. With Colored Plates, Maps, and Numerous Illustrations. Royal 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Uncut Edges, and Gilt Tops, $5 00 per volume.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

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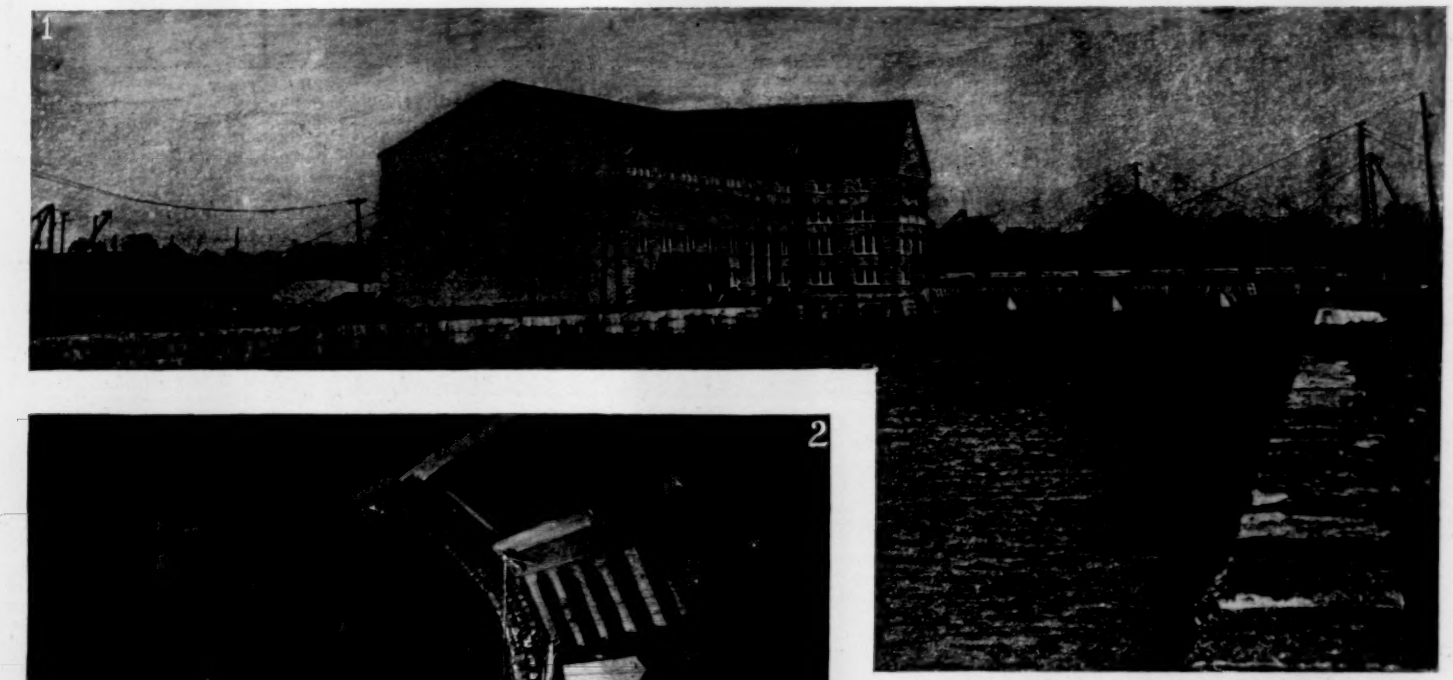
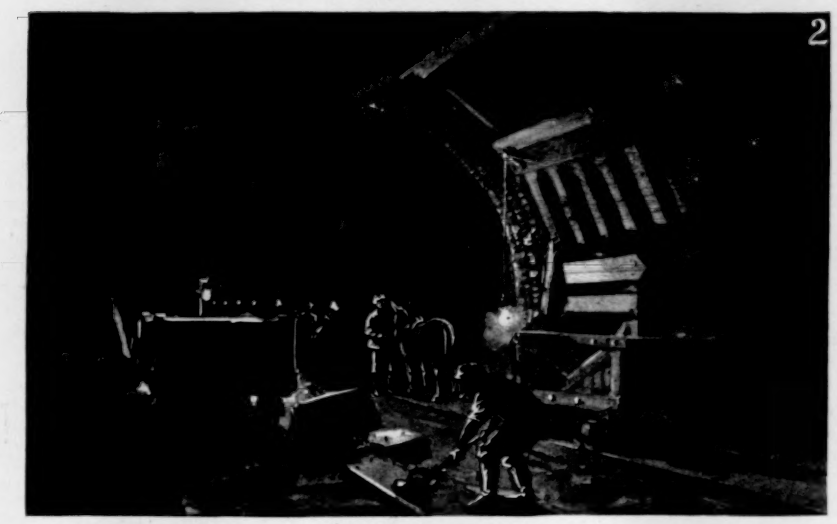
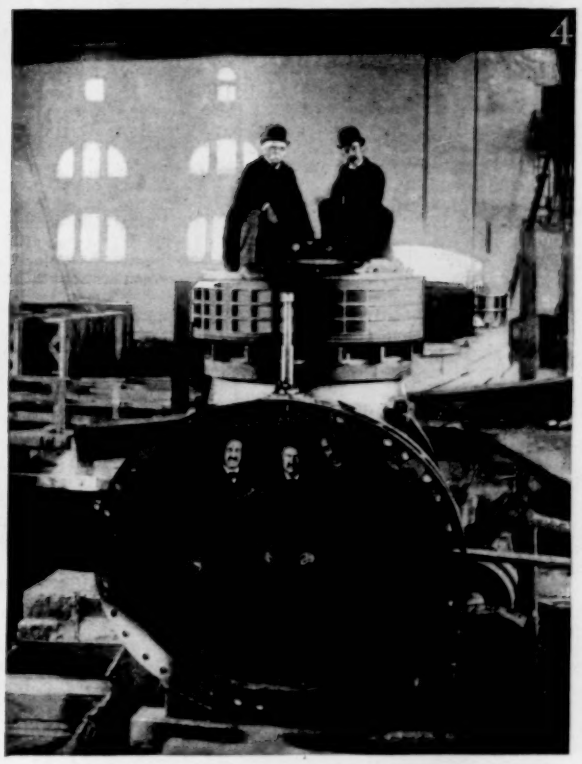
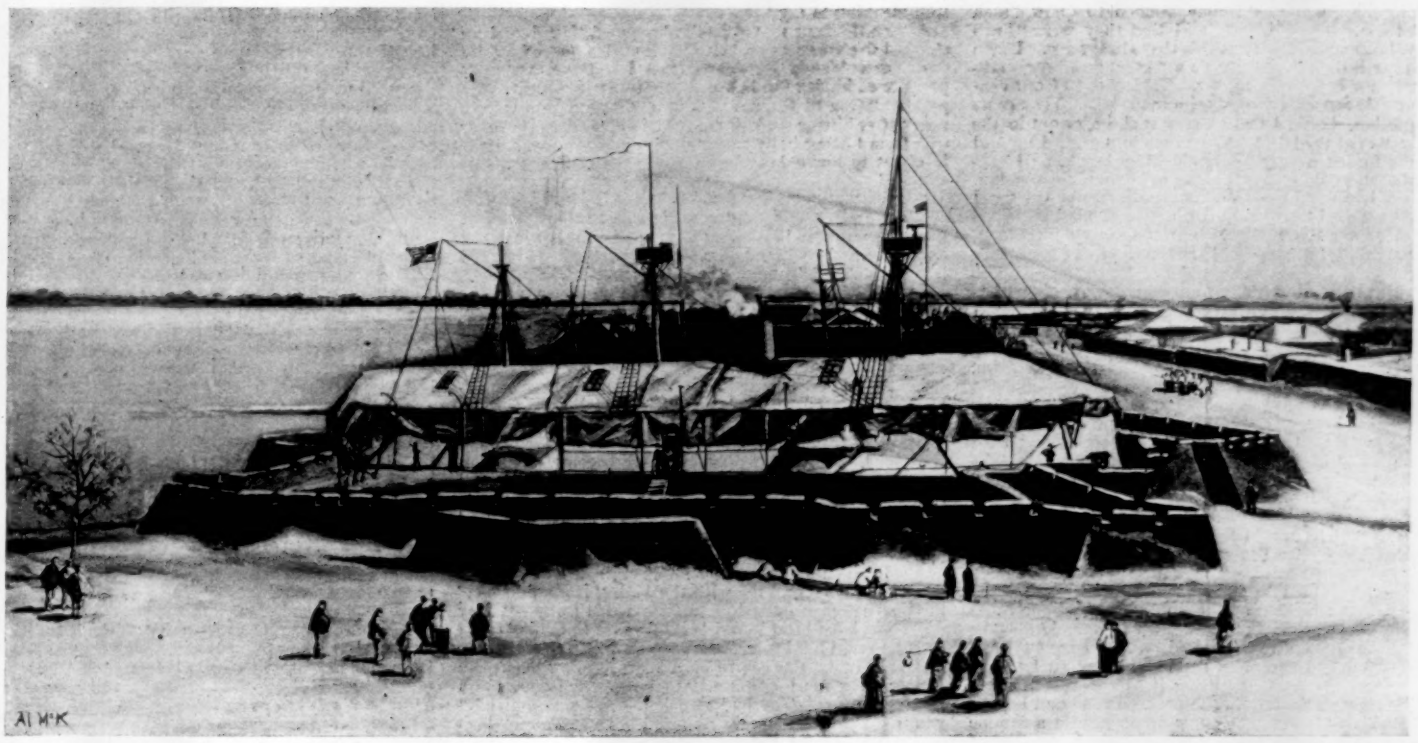






UTILIZING NIAGARA'S WATER-POWER.—[See Page 330.]

1. Power-Station and Bridge to Electrical Transforming Station. 2. Section of Tunnel. 3. Wheel-Pits in Course of Construction. 4. Penstock and Turbine-Wheel at Base.



UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "PETREL" IN WINTER QUARTERS AT NEW CHWANG, MANCHOORIA.—[See Page 332.]

AMATEUR SPORT

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN TROUT.

THIS widely distributed and beautiful specimen of the salmon family, though a stranger and little known to Eastern anglers, is very common all through the Rocky Mountain region. According to Professor Goode, it is found in all the streams and lakes of New Mexico, Utah, Western Colorado, Washington, Wyoming, Idaho, and Oregon. Known as the mountain, spotted, cutthroat, black, and silver trout, it is in every way far superior to the rainbow trout, and would have proved much more valuable than the rainbow had it been introduced in our Eastern waters in place of that fish. It spawns in the spring, and is at its best in September. As it approaches the sea it grows larger, until it reaches the ocean, where it is known as the steelhead, and frequently attains a weight of twenty to thirty pounds.

I first made the acquaintance of this beautiful fish while on a hunting trip in the far West during the early fall of 1887. As soon as we reached the neighborhood of the Yellowstone the natives brought numbers of these trout to our special car for sale. A day or two later, on our arrival at Sand Point, on magnificent Pend Oreille Lake, we had our hunting-car side-tracked to await better weather. The anglers in our party immediately made arrangements to try our skill on these beautiful strangers, of which we had heard so much. We found upon inquiry that the master-angler of Sand Point was the telegraph operator, who willingly aided us in obtaining a boat, and very kindly guided us to the fishing-grounds on the opposite side of the lake. It was not long before we fell in with a school of these glistening beauties, and, as soon as we acquired the art of striking them we had our hands full playing and landing these fierce-fighting, leaping fish. They took the fly very gently between their lips on the surface of the water; and then turned to go down after the manner of our Atlantic salmon. If struck too soon the fly was jerked from their mouths, and always failed to hook them. I must have missed a dozen before I hooked my first fish.

They were beauties, running from one to two pounds in weight. They fought like tigers. We often hooked two at a time, but never saved more than one; the second invariably tore off. There was a marked difference in color between the male and female fish. The latter were much brighter and more silvery, resembling more our land-locked salmon, while the male fish had dark olive-green backs, shading into deep gold and vermilion on the belly. Both were thickly sprinkled with black spots, particularly near the tail. The scenery was extremely wild and picturesque. Lake Pend Oreille (pronounced Pend de Ray) is a most beautiful sheet of water, strongly resembling an Italian lake. The dark green water, intensely clear, contrasted finely with the deep blue sky and great purple mountains. We returned at sunset to our car with a fine lot of these beautiful trout, which our efficient cook immediately prepared for supper, and we found that they were as good as they looked, with solid pink flesh, juicy, and of delicious flavor.

The next day we started on our long hard ride to Lake Kanusko, in the region of "E-Soc-Quet" (Kulluspelm for "The Perfume of the Pine"), where we went into permanent camp.

This superb lake, thirty-five miles long, had never been visited by white men before—excepting perhaps by a few stray surveyors and gold-hunters; it was literally one immense trout preserve; thousands of them could be seen, particularly toward evening, breaking and playing on the surface of the water. But notwithstanding the fact that they probably had never had a fly cast over them before, they seemed exceedingly shy and hard to please. As soon as we approached within easy casting distance they would disappear, only to reappear just out of reach. I came to the conclusion that their extreme shyness was largely due to the great number of fish-hawks that were continually diving after them and feeding on them, so that the slightest suspicious motion or shadow caused them to retire instantly to deep water. I had not been in camp an hour before I was anxious to try the trout. None of our guides, white or Indian, seemed to know much about them. The Siwashes said that they were "heap plenty, but no take fly"; but this they always say. I soon rigged my little rod, putting on a "great dun" for a tail-fly, and an abbey for a dropper. Taking one of our canvas portable canoes, I shoved off into the lake. Then came the question, should I find them near shore, or out in the deep waters of the lake? As we rode into camp I noticed that we forded a very likely-looking brook, so I concluded that would be a good spot to begin my campaign. It was only a few hundred yards south of our camp. I quickly paddled to this, and with some difficulty pushed my canoe over the shallows into the deep dark brook, overhung with bushes and big trees. Just as I turned the first corner my eyes were gladdened by seeing a superb red-bellied trout fling himself out of a dark pool, scattering silver drops in every direction.

What a beautiful and encouraging sight for an angler! But though I cast my best, he would not notice my flies. So, very much disappointed, I paddled on up stream, hoping to find a more hungry or obliging victim; but not a rise did I get, and I began to fear that the Siwashes were right. Presently I found further progress stopped by a fallen tree. On my way back I stopped and tried my red-bellied friend again, and, to my intense delight, he took my tail fly with a mad rush, and I struck him good and solid. Then followed a series of fierce plunges and ugly rushes that filled my soul with joy, though I feared every moment he would tear loose; but happily everything held, and once I saw the flash of his mate below him. He jumped clear of the water several times, making a most beautiful picture, with his gold and vermilion sides gleaming in the bright sunlight against a background of dark green water and thick foliage. At last he lay on his side, panting and tired out. To my horror, I found that I had forgotten my landing-net, so I took a big fly from my book, and using it as a gaff, landed my beautiful stranger safely in the boat. Proud and happy, I paddled back to camp to show my comrades a sample of our first Kanusko trout, which, by-the-way, weighed plump two pounds. He was duly admired, and turned over to the tender mercies of our cook, who served him up in fine style at dinner shortly afterwards. My experience started all the anglers out fishing; but while the trout were plenty, they were by no means easily caught. Experience soon taught us that it was only just at sunrise and sunset that they could be easily deceived.

We remained in this beautiful camp for four weeks; during this time the anglers of our party kept our table well supplied; and as there were twenty-five men in camp, including Indians and guides, this meant the killing of a goodly number of fish, the five Siwashes alone consuming as many as all the rest of the party put together.

Every evening, with a dark, silent Siwash at the paddle, I used to fish the shores of the little islands that thickly studded this magnificent sheet of water, and particularly at the mouth of Vermilion River, just opposite our camp; here among the boiling pools and rapids the sport was superb. At dusk we would return home through the cool yellow twilight, the bottom of our canoes well covered with glistening specimens of these black-spotted trout. We never caught any weighing less than half a pound or over two pounds; the average weight was about one to one and a half pounds. Later, seated around the big camp-fire, we would exchange our day's experiences while we watched the dying glories of the western sky.

On our return to Sand Point we enjoyed another delightful evening's fishing in beautiful Pend Oreille, and then returned to the land of our own darling speckled beauties, after one of the most delightful sporting trips ever enjoyed by mortal man.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

HOW THEY TAUGHT ME POLO.

BY OWEN WISTER.

THIS imperial game was one of the delights I had never dared hope for, not being a man of leisure. But the stars shifted, and a letter came to me from Colorado Springs. It was a long way (the letter said) to ask a man to come for a visit. Many attractions were held out, however—sublime climate, excellent company, and I should learn polo, and generally renew my youth, my host wrote. Several friends urged me not to do this. They said that my professional reputation was still somewhat unripe, and needed the sunshine of my regular presence at the office. And so I went to Colorado.

My host was one of those afflicted delicate men whom the doctors forbid all work, dooming them to perennial search after health in places like Monte Carlo and Tampa. At Colorado Springs this invalid welcomed me with what strength he had, and he and I, with the company to whom he introduced me, did not go to bed until the following day.

"They're a good sort, those chaps," he said, lighting my candle for me. "Breakfast at twelve, old chap, and polo after breakfast, you know."

Next afternoon the saddled ponies awaited us. "I don't believe," I remarked, handling a mallet, "that with this thing I could hit a ball standing on my feet, let alone sitting on a horse."

"But you don't strike as you do in croquet, old chap," they said.

"Oh, with the side, and not the end, is it? Well, that's a bit more probable."

I entered the lists bestriding what I heard them calling a "useful" pony. My instructors were skilful egregious people, and continually hit the ball with certainty and force. "That is the way you do it," they shouted gayly to me as they dashed by.

"Yes," I replied, cheerfully, "that is the way." And perceiving that the ball had stopped just beside me, I raised my mallet.

"Let it alone!" sang out my instructors unanimously, in a voice of command, and I immediately let it alone. Noticing my puzzled look, one of them explained that our side was in a tight place just then, and so of course I would understand his playing that stroke. I told him heartily that of course I understood. And the game went on. Once or twice the ball again paused near me, and I lifted my mallet; but on each occasion, with the precision of clock-work, came a shout from one or both of my instructors to let that ball alone. We played pairs, and I was the extra man on their side, and never had felt so well-meaning in my life.

After a time our useful ponies became fatigued, and we stopped to change them. It was now that one of my instructors evidently considered that I had had sufficient practice at hitting the ball and was ready to master a new point. "One of the most important things," he said to me, "after hitting the ball yourself, is to prevent the other side from hitting it, by riding alongside a man, and as he is about to make his stroke, you push him out of his course."

"Why, that must be what I saw you doing!" I cried.

"You did, several times. Of course, to ride a man off the ball you must be already going as fast as he is. You cannot start after him as he passes you, for it will be too late to catch up."

I thanked my instructor for this new lesson, and the game went on. I rode backwards and forwards eagerly for several hundred miles. Very often I found myself close to the ball when everybody else was clashing together far away. Then I would raise my mallet, and from the distance, with the precision of clock-work, always came the ringing cry, "Let it alone!" When I obeyed, one would hurry by me, saying: "That's right! Watch So-and-so! Stay here and hamper him!" Then, like a trick in spectacular drama, I would instantly become the harmless centre of a cracking scrimmage; they would beat and rake about among the legs of my pony, asking me why I was there. My shoulder was hit with a mallet; the head of a horse plunged into my ribs; but I sat firm in the saddle, and went everywhere that my pony thought best. We were soon alone, quite stationary; and as an enemy came galloping past me with the ball, "Horn him off!" my instructors bellowed from forty yards away—"Why don't you horn him?" And I had no time to remind them they had told me I must be galloping to do this, because suddenly I was the centre of a new scrimmage. They were telling me I ought not to be where I was, and I thought so too. The ball struck my stomach, and I began to take an inexpressible interest in the game. "Isn't it glorious?" said my instructors, whirling away, as I nodded my assent to them. Thus I covered mile after mile; and that evening we sent for vaseline, liniment, and adhesive plaster, and I was able to play again in two days. "For you help us a lot," my instructor said. "Give you a week, and you'll know all we know—*I don't think!*"

This expression was new to me; but my rule is to learn by observation rather than by direct inquiry. Yet I left Colorado without feeling sure what it means. But the apothecary is a rich man; and liniment—I never realized before what a great thing it is.

A YALE VIEW OF THE FOOTBALL SITUATION.

ALTHOUGH I cannot state what you call "the Yale position" authoritatively, I am glad to give you in a condensed form the opinions I have heard expressed.

In the first place, our system is wholly different from that at Harvard. Our faculty could at any moment, should it seem right, forbid any sport, and there would be no appeal. (In fact, the faculty has but recently forbidden Freshmen baseball, not on account of any disorder connected with athletics, but as a matter of discipline for disturbing a concert.) The only men, outside the faculty, possessing actual power are the captains and managers. The graduates, like myself, have no official position, and can only advise. We cannot carry a single point save by persuasion at the hands of either the members of the faculty or the officers of the associations.

The faculty has in its own body certain men, like Professor E. L. Richards, who have always followed and made a study of the sports of the students, and it is upon the opinion of such of its members that the faculty relies for information regarding the quality and general direction of the athletic sports of the university.

Nor are these gentlemen and other members of the faculty ever averse to giving their advice to the actual managers of the associations, and it is by keeping thoroughly posted that they have been able to give such excellent advice in the past. This has involved of late years a very considerable sacrifice of time upon the part of these gentlemen, and their unselfishness in performing this added service on behalf of the university has been thoroughly appreciated. Many of the reforms and the sturdy growth in proper channels of Yale athletics have been due to the conscientiousness of these members of the Yale faculty, and especially to their intimate acquaintance with the athletes themselves. Under these conditions a state of affairs such as that referred to by President Eliot, of drugging athletes, and that mentioned by Dean Briggs of "monstrous methods of training," bringing about "low academic standing," could hardly exist, and could not possibly continue.

The growth of athletics at Yale, like the growth of the university, has rendered the task of keeping up this intimate acquaintance with the men and their affairs more and more arduous during the last few years, and probably trebled the amount of time Professor Richards and his confrères have devoted to athletics, but the results are evidenced in the fact that the sports are still healthy at New Haven. There is no drugging of the men. Summer practice was practically dispensed with last year, the gates were thrown open during the week of secret practice, and moderation was the rule. Athletes are required to keep up to the standard in their studies the same as other members of the university. The athletes themselves, in enacting rules for eligibility of candidates for their organizations, incorporated one forbidding the playing of any man who has been dropped for neglect of his studies until a year after his defection.

"It is left for Harvard University to take the proper steps toward placing intercollegiate contests upon their proper footing and under proper regulations. . . . The other colleges can then no longer shirk the responsibility."

One might grant, if it be affirmed by the Harvard faculty and President Eliot, that football last year at Harvard was unsatisfactory. How could it be otherwise, if the stories the President hears are true, that the players are drugged for nights before their games to induce sleep? But one is not prepared to grant, as suggested, that other colleges, and among them Yale, "shirk the responsibility," because they do not conduct their athletic matters as Harvard does, or proposes to do.

A number of years ago the future of intercollegiate sports was regarded by Harvard as in jeopardy, and a set of regulations was then proposed. Among these regulations the most prominent was one limiting any intercollegiate boat-race to three miles. Yale and the other colleges did not concur, and, failing to secure five colleges, Harvard eventually abandoned its regulations. Boating has not materially suffered on this account.

Still more recently Harvard passed a regulation confining all athletic contests to New England. But this proved impracticable, and the baseball nine, the football team, and the track athletes all contended outside those limits last season, nor were the contests less satisfactory than those in New England. Without going further into the matter, these two examples seem to be a practical confession that Harvard is not infallible in foresight upon athletic questions even within her own borders. Hence Yale and other colleges can hardly subscribe to the paragraph quoted, nor to the ones stating that if the authorities at Harvard "cannot successfully deal with this problem, then not only football but also every other intercollegiate sport should be abolished."

Every college may have its own system, but it seems hardly fair to condemn intercollegiate sports if one particular system fails. Besides, as in the case of the three-mile boat-race, the New England rule, and, later, summer practice in football, the makers of any system may change their minds about the expediency of their own plans.

There is exaggeration of many kinds, and the attempt, over a year ago, to get the Harvard and Yale captains to agree to do away with summer practice was made in this belief, but it does not appear that the entire system of intercollegiate athletics has become so exaggerated that it must be abolished.

Nor does this seem to represent the Yale position only, but that of several other institutions. Letters from members of the faculty at Pennsylvania, Princeton, and other universities indicate a satisfactory standing of athletes and athletics, such as would be entirely inconsistent with a belief that intercollegiate athletics should be abolished.

WALTER CAMP.

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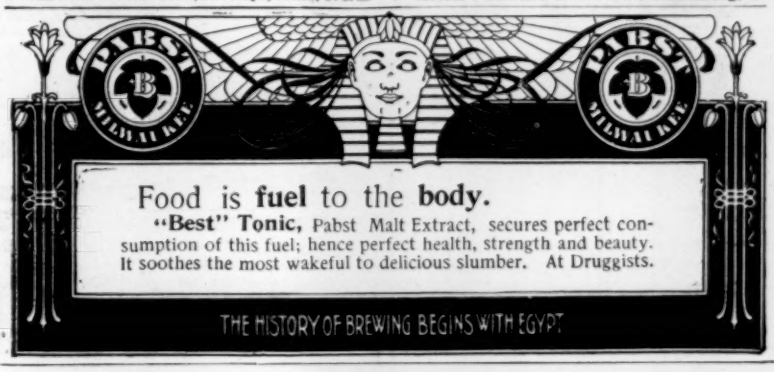

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